THE
NEW AGE
A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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CONTENTS.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THOUGH it is well known to politicians that Land Reform is practically impossible in England without a revolution, a kind of fate pushes the Radicals into it. The immediate reasons are evident enough. With the passing of Home Rule and the temporary surfeit the public has experienced of industrial legislation, the Liberals find themselves for the moment without a programme. They cannot hope to win the next General Election by merely scrubbing the anchor; and, moreover, with the reduction of the Irish group at Westminster, the Coalition will need more rather than fewer English votes. What more obvious, then, than to turn to the rural constituencies, where their weakness lies, and to attempt to enlist Hodge in the great army of progress? The appeal to him may be admittedly a voice and nothing more. Both he and the land system are probably too far gone to afford the smallest hope of recovery. Nevertheless, the cry of Land Reform is still potent to arouse a dying nation's interest (the ruling passion strong in death), and, in any case, the boxing of the subject about, as the Jacobites used to say, is bound sooner or later to bring it to Father. The Liberals have nothing, at any rate, to lose by the most Utopian discussion of the Land question; the more Utopian, in fact, the better; and, on the other hand, the country has nothing much to hope to gain. The raising of the subject, indeed, as the Liberal Press has acknowledged, is more necessary to Liberalism than to reform. "The issue," said P. W. W., "already determines the future of Liberalism"—and not we may add, of the land.

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The hesitation shown in plunging into the propaganda reveals, however, a curious strain of honesty in the Cabinet. It is to be supposed that one section of the Government, at any rate, is aware that the campaign is fraudulent, for otherwise it is inconceivable that Mr. Lloyd George should have begun it and broken it off on so many occasions. We are accustomed to this Welshman's kaleidoscopic metamorphoses, but his changes on the subject of the Land campaign are cinematographic. Last October, after a great deal of drumming, the public was informed that the propaganda was postponed on account of the Balkan War. This February, however, on the very eve of the resumption of the Balkan War, the campaign is not only re-announced but actually begun. Yet what a feeble beginning! At the National Liberal Club, a fortnight ago, and in the House of Commons on two occasions since, Mr. Lloyd George took pains to assure everybody that he was only talking by and large. He made, he said, no definite proposals of any kind, but merely raised the subject in a general way. If he had been a person in the position of a Mr. H. G. Wells—one who lives by saying nothing at tedious length—the excuse of profitable rigmarole might be accepted; but a member of the Cabinet, however notoriously garrulous, cannot expect the indulgence given to an irresponsible novelist. As a matter of fact, there is not only the speech itself, but there are P. W. W.'s inspired scholia on the speech to prove that, far from offering no definite proposals, Mr. Lloyd George actually outlined a programme of considerable length and specifically concrete in character. It is possible, as we have suggested, that this programme was unauthorised by the Cabinet, and has, in consequence, been repudiated by Mr. George; but it is not possible to maintain that a programme was never laid down. The collation of Mr. Lloyd George's utterances, with P. W. W. comments, makes it clear, indeed, that the Land programme consists, so far, of the following items:—A Minimum Wage for agricultural labourers; Rural Housing Reform by loans to local authorities; Rent Courts; Compulsory Purchase of village lands for allotments, small holdings, etc.; Taxation of Urban Land Values; and several other items. This is surely definite enough, even if the whole is impracticable, to be going on with.

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Before examining the programme in any detail, we may as well say that, impracticable, in our opinion, as the proposals are, even when theoretically considered, they are even more impracticable when considered in relation with the Board of Agriculture. From Mr. Runciman's published scheme for assisting agricultural credit we are able to form a pretty exact notion of this Minister's capacity; and nothing more infinitesimal can be conceived. The problem, as everybody knows, before the small holders and farmers of England is the provision of capital. For the most part, the existing small holders are in the position of men who own a factory and cannot provide the machinery required to occupy it effectively. The security they can offer for credit is, in the majority of cases, no more than that of a certain amount of perishable stock in addition to the speculative value of the growing crops; and this, it is obvious, is not enough for joint-stock banks. What, under the circumstances, would a Government do that intended to do anything at all? Nothing less, surely, than back the small holders' precarious security with a Government guarantee such as would, at least, induce the local banks to advance loans on reasonably

market terms. But it is precisely this that Mr. Runciman has not attempted. On the contrary, he has made a great parade of conferring a favour on small farmers by offering them exactly the conditions that now prevail. He has arranged, he tells us, with sundry banks to advance loans to individuals or co-operative groups of farmers on single or joint security, and on market terms, provided that in each instance the security is satisfactory to the banks concerned. There is no bank in England that is not already prepared to do this without any arrangement with Mr. Runciman. They would be only too glad, in fact, to extend their lending business on these terms. But since nothing in the new memorandum offers the smallest additional guarantee to that already within the means of the small farmers, the trumpeted boon is a piece of cruel humbug. It measures, however, the intelligence and good faith of the Board of Agriculture, through whose brazen gates all the ivory dreams of Land Reform will have to pass.

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Even on the supposition, however, that the androids now at the Board of Agriculture were removed, the proposals made by Mr. Lloyd George would prove, when carried out, more ruinous than salutary to rural life in England. The attempt to establish a Minimum Wage is, in particular, a device so discredited elsewhere that we should have thought that only sworn enemies of the agricultural labourer would suggest it on his behalf. As one of the necessary consequences of recent wage legislation in industry generally, wages rose in 1912 by seven millions, while prices rose by thirty millions. Was that the effect which was anticipated by the reformers who advocated it? Corresponding effects would most certainly be produced in our villages if wages were raised by statute; and some of them we can distinctly foresee at this moment. There is not the least doubt that among the effects of the Agricultural Minimum Wage would be the reduction of the number of labourers, the rise of village prices, an impetus to the conversion of arable land into grazing land and the consequent further depopulation of the rural districts. And not all the legislation in the world, within the compass of the existing system, would be able to check or counter the evil of these necessary effects. "P. W. W." writes ignorantly of "forcing" landowners to do this, "compelling" big farmers to pay that, cheapening land here and transferring land there; but the fact remains that by the established law, which Parliament was created to maintain, land belongs to its legal owners, who are free to use it or not to use it exactly as they please. How, we should like to know, are landowners to be compelled either to pay wages they need not pay or, in the alternative, to give up their land to anybody who will use it? In the case of commercial employers it is true that they can, within limits, be compelled to pay a minimum wage or to see their machinery rust; but in the case of landowners no such fate threatens them. By converting arable into pasture they can reduce the number of necessary employees by three-fourths without any damage whatever to their property. Should the State then intervene to drive them by taxation to sell their land or to cultivate it, the only result will be to throw it into the hands of city magnates who, out of city profits, could afford to pay the taxes and still leave the land idle. Cultivate the land they certainly will not.

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It may be replied that instead of allowing land to be sold to city magnates for pleasure parks, the State should enable the local authorities to acquire land and to let it out in small holdings. But this wild proposition rests on two even wilder assumptions: the assumption that the State, even if she were willing, would be able to buy the land of England at forced prices; and the assumption that capital invested in English agriculture is actually remunerative in a commercial sense. The first assumption does not, we imagine, require much refutation in these columns. We shall believe when we see it that the legislation of plutocrats is prepared to tax its class for the benefit of agriculture or anything else that does not promise increased profits for themselves. Why should they be so unselfishly demented? At present they hold the land and they determine the laws. There is no force existing to compel them to give up the one or accept the other if they are not to their taste. The problem, in fact, which land-reformers have to face is the simple but insoluble problem of how to recover land from private for public ownership with no other means than the consent as well as the money of the present proprietors. Purchase without their consent, be it understood, is impossible. Where is the money to buy back land stolen or received as a gift from the State? The wage-earners certainly have not got the money; nor, by any amount of conjuring with credit and co-operation, can they ever conceivably obtain it. It follows, therefore, that the miracle of land purchase must be performed, if at all, by the capitalists themselves, that is, by the land's present owners. They are to tax themselves in order to purchase from themselves land that they do not wish to sell. Such a pocket operation may appear feasible to reformers who never think in terms of common-sense; but for realists it is a whiff from Cockaigne. Open confiscation, such as the early Socialists proposed, was at least a more manly as well as a more practical course than this veiled self-robbery. It required only one miracle, while this would require two.

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The second assumption is no less false to facts; it is that, as P. W. W. says, "Money spent on improving agricultural labour will be remunerative." But it is not only not true that investment in labour is necessarily remunerative in the commercial sense, but it is not even true that farming in general is remunerative or could be made remunerative on the whole and in the commercial sense, in England. Among the consequences of Free Trade, for better or for worse, is the sub-division of the labour of the world according to areas favourable to particular production. Nations commercially alert specialise in occupations which nature or accident or race makes most remunerative to them in the world-market; and thus it happens that England tends to become the industrial nation of the world, while Canada and Russia tend to become the agricultural nations of the world. In other words, in the world-market where practically all commodities now compete, England has proved to be more favourably situated in regard to manufactures than in regard to agricultural produce. Capital invested in manufacture in England, therefore, pays a higher percentage of interest, returns a greater yield of profit, than capital invested in agriculture; with this inevitable effect, that capital flows easily to industry and only with difficulty to agriculture. This being undoubtedly the case, we have at once an explanation of the languishing condition of agriculture in England and of the fallacy of the new land campaign. The reformers imagine that agriculture is decadent because landowners are too stupid to farm. The truth is that it is because they are too commercially acute to farm. And again they imagine that capital invested in setting up small farmers, renovating villages and raising the efficiency of agricultural labourers, would yield a tremendous return in national profit. We will not say that capital so spent would yield no profit, but it is certain that the same amount of capital, invested in industry, would yield more.

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Casting the mind forward as far into the future as we can see, the probable development on the existing lines will involve the decline of agriculture to an even lower relative place in production than it now holds, and the practical extinction of the present all-round agricultural labourer. And against neither of these tendencies, however we may regret them, is it possible successfully to fight. Sentiment certainly will be of no avail, and as certainly we see no immediate hope of such a change of mind and heart as would restore country life as a vital, though not as a commercial, necessity. If it can be proved, as we have no doubt capitalists have

proved to their own complete satisfaction, that the investment of capital in farming of any kind, small or large, tenant or proprietary, is less profitable than investment in industry, no commercial inducement can be expected to operate in the restoration of agriculture. On the other hand, it is barely conceivable by the highly imaginative that such a revolution of ideas might take place as would restore agriculture, not for its immediate commercial profit, but, as we say, for its spiritual and vital advantages. Let us put the matter in this way. We are witnessing now the decline of agriculture in consequence of the competition of the world-market; and we are experiencing the transformation of England from a rural to an urban nation for the simple reason that urban occupations pay better in the world-market than rural occupations. The question is whether in the pursuit of commercial profits we are actually losing something of still greater value in the decline of agriculture. Biologists as well as poets are of the opinion that we are. The real, as distinct from the pseudo, eugenists, are convinced that in draining the country to swell the towns, we are making commercial profit at the expense of our national vital capital. They argue, therefore, that though by this means we may gain the whole commercial world, we shall lose as a nation our soul; and that, as a practical conclusion, it would be wiser, from a far-sighted view, even in the commercial sense, to maintain agriculture, though for the present it should appear relatively unremunerative.

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We have naturally no fault to find with this view, nor would we even admit that a policy based upon it is impossible. If we had statesmen capable of long views, instead of politicians capable only of short views, doubtless some such policy would be adopted. But nobody who is in politics to-day would affirm that, however possible or however desirable, such a policy is in the least degree probable. There would be required to make this policy practicable either a movement of ideas among the present proprietary classes, or a movement of revolt and revolution among the present unpropertied classes; and each event appears to us to be more unlikely than the other. Nevertheless, and as a relief from the thimble-rigging of Mr. Lloyd George and his litter of fanatical, narrow-minded, and invincibly ignorant land-reformers, we may speculate for a moment or two on the alternative means which the foregoing improbabilities offer: a movement of ideas among the wealthy and a movement of revolt among the proletariat. Concerning the first, it is almost enough to say that *only* a movement of ideas could possibly affect them. Profit, it is clear, is out of the question; there is, to speak relatively, no profit to be got out of agriculture. But on the supposition that the rich were moved by ideas, it is certain that they have the power to divert capital from industry to agriculture with far less waste, and with the prospect of far better returns than if the same transfer were undertaken by the State even with their consent. The State, it is true, has the reputation, in the works of pedants, of being concerned with the total welfare, future as well as present, of the nation of which it is the reputed embodiment; but in actual fact we see it to be little more than a vast and greedy wen upon the body politic, intent on sucking for itself as much nourishment from every reform as leaves the reform itself more often deformation than reformation. Land reform, in short, if it is to be undertaken by the governing classes at all, would be more effectively carried out by the class individually than by the class collectively and bureaucratically assembled in the form of the State.

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But how would the statesmanlike landlords, whom we are imagining, proceed in their attempts to restore rural life? By such means, we conceive, as naturally occur to minds preoccupied with the remoter object of such a work and to the exclusion of immediate gain; in other words, by setting up an independent yeomanry and by the restoration of some, at least, of the conditions of the mediæval villages. But this would involve, it will be seen, the free gift of land and initial capital, either individually to promising labourers or collectively to the parish council—and why not, we may ask? In the first place, there is no doubt whatever that the land was stolen from these sources—stolen without, in most cases, the slightest recognition even of the eternal obligation incurred. In the second place, no other means, as we have pointed out, can transfer land from the rich to the poor save free gift alone. Thirdly, it is essential that the gift should be completed by capital; and, lastly, it is essential that its ownership, whether vested in the individual, or, still better, in the Parish Council, should be inalienable. We really do not see why in one parish in all England such an attempt at restoration should not be made. Let us suppose that in one parish only a squire should be found public-spirited enough to identify the Parish Council with himself, and to invest the corporate body of villagers with the means as well as the responsibilities of a part, at any rate, of his local landed property—would not the example be the demonstration of the "way out" from the land problem? For ourselves, in spite of much disillusioning experience, we believe still in the final utility of the Parish Councils. They are, it is true, for the moment so feeble that one good shake and they would die; but their feebleness is of infancy, not of age. No power yet animates them, no property yet belongs to them, no responsibility yet attaches to them; but with property would come power, and with power would come responsibility, and with responsibility would come the real renaissance of rural and, in the end, of imperial England. We do not ask the governing classes to attempt this restoration of England from within. We do not, unfortunately, believe them, or even one of their order, capable of the paltry sacrifice involved. But we do believe that, if neither this course is taken nor the second, which we shall now briefly discuss, all the land reform attempted by other means will only hasten the doom of rural life.

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The alternative, to be brief, is revolution—revolution, too, not by process of law. Again we must make the large assumption that the proletariat of the country, made wise by bitter experience of the effects upon themselves and upon the nation of the system of wage slavery, may one day be prepared to present an ultimatum to the possessing classes: Surrender or die! We need not exactly picture the dramatic moment as involving bloodshed—though, indeed, in even our iciest moods that contingency is present; but, failing the surrender voluntary, the surrender obligatory must be peremptorily demanded. What means, however, exist to make this demand even imaginatively possible? None, we should say, for the present, nor even the beginnings of one. We have seen that our Labour movement, that promised so much ten years ago, has now lost its way and spent its strength in the morasses of politics. Pursuing Will-o'-the-wisps or their female counterparts, Madges-o'-candles, the Labour movement has lost sight of its substantial object—the acquisition for their class of property or the control of property—and has, in consequence, grown weaker at the same time that its class has undoubtedly grown poorer. A gain of seven millions at the cost of twenty is not, we think, a fair reward for twenty years of toil. On the other hand, the British people have always shown an astonishing power of self-recovery. John Bull is never more nearly alive than when he is nearly dead. If what may be called the national conscience be ever awakened again (and nobody can say when or by what means it may be touched), the people—meaning by that the proletariat mainly—would make short work of the rotten bands that now bind not only themselves personally, but all the hopes of England. In the meantime we can but continue the process in which we are engaged: the consolidation of the wage-earners and the inspiration of their leaders with the duty, the sacred duty, of acquiring and administering property for their class in the interests of the nation. That, though the longest, is also the shortest way to land and every other reform.

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[The present issue of The New Age contains 28 pages.]

Current Cant.

"As a working-man, I think we are at last coming into our own. . . ."—HAROLD R. LATHAM.

"I am, and have been for the last five years, engaged in training a special order of clergy for the Church to combat the curse of Socialism, which, encouraged by the Government, is spreading widely among the working classes."—F. W. TREMLETT, D.D., D.C.L.

"The present week is a very busy one in the social world, and there are no fewer than three Court functions taking place. Those attending will assemble in the supper room . . . departing by the main entrance and grand staircase."—"Daily Mail."

"Charles Kingsley's 'Westward Ho!' is utterly repugnant to us of the Catholic faith. It is a vile, lying book. . . . ."—CANON HAWKINS.

Mr. Stanley Houghton step by step is deserting the steep road of reality and truth for the primrose path of make-believe."—BOYLE LAWRENCE.

"The recent Church Congress at Middlesbrough plainly marks a stage in the evolution of religious ideas." —JOSEPH MCCABE.

"Things that look difficult on paper are often quite simple in practice, and we are confident that, just as everyone quickly settled down to the stamp-licking and the rest, so, in a very little time all concerned will be doing what is required of them."——"The Liberal Monthly."

"Somebody has been asking Mr. John Masefield how a man or woman should set about the purpose and exercise of the literary craft. His answer is that they should read the great masters continually."—"Book Monthly."

"The Unionist Party is not an instrument of the capitalists."—"Weekly Dispatch."

"For the second time this week Mr. Lloyd George has risen to high parliamentary eloquence."—"News and Leader."

"My dear Shaw,—Thanks to a few men like yourself, Conservative England is Conservative no longer."—CHARLES SAROLEA.

"Most of us are familiar with what God has been doing through the high schools and colleges of China towards preparing young men for advanced positions in every walk of life."—CHARLES BEALES in the "Christian Endeavour Times."

"London, during the last ten or fifteen years has grown considerably gayer. Years ago London was merely a business centre. . . ."—"The Standard."

"The White Slave Traffic lives on ignorance. . . Confirmation classes are now due. I suggest that in the preliminary instruction, qualified medical men, and qualified nursing matrons should be engaged to tell the girls what they are, and the boys what they are. And above all to show by notorious evidence that the 'wages of sin is death.' Death in five years. If the Church blocks the way, the work will go on."—TOM WILLIAMSON in the "Leeds Mercury."

"Mr. Borden spoke with an eloquence which sprang from his deep-seated conviction of the grave pass which we have reached, basing his proposals upon the significant memorandum which the Almighty had prepared at his request."—"Montreal Gazette."

"Labour predominant! The ideal, a short time since considered Utopian, is now, by common consent, within the range of practical politics."—"Daily Citizen."

CURRENT SENSE.

"Lloyd George has split the medical profession into two classes. In future there will be a rich man's doctor and a poor man's doctor. Pay enough and you will have a skilful and willing doctor of high standing. Merely insure, and you will have the dregs of the profession grudgingly serving. There will be one more class division; one more source of bitterness."—"The World's Work."

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

There are few more complicated subjects than the financial affairs of the Ottoman Empire, and I have certainly no intention of touching in this article upon all the varied problems with which the Porte will shortly have to deal—not alone, but in conjunction with the representatives of the Great Powers. The Ottoman Public Debt amounts in round figures to £T130,000,000, most of it lent by the Powers. To meet the annual interest on this sum a great part of the revenue is earmarked—the excise duties, the salt tithe, the tobacco tithe, part of the Régie tobacco tithe, etc. Other receipts, such as the Customs dues and the ordinary internal taxes of the Empire, are disposed of by the Finance Minister for the time being of the Ottoman Empire. The Customs dues, however, cannot be increased, except with the consent of the Powers.

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Other factors must be considered in conjunction with the Debt. In return for support, diplomatic and financial, the Powers secured, either from Abdul Hamid or from his Young Turk successors, "concessions" of various kinds. Germany, for instance, holds the Bagdad Railway concession, and groups of French and Austrian financiers are also largely interested in Turkish railways. So, also, are a few English financiers, though not to so great an extent. Some English financiers, on the other hand, hold certain shipping concessions. The number of German Consuls scattered throughout Asia Minor is notorious, and was referred to in these columns some two years ago.

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Hitherto the Powers have merely administered the moneys which naturally came to them for disposal in connection with the National Debt. These sums were dealt with by a Council of Administration at Constantinople, and advice regarding the remaining revenue was given, if asked for, by advisers like Sir Adam Block and Sir Richard Crawford. The Porte has now to face a different situation. The Treasury showed signs of being able to recover its balance up to the outbreak of the Turko-Italian war, when changes of Government made matters quite chaotic. A deficit in the Budget was seen to be inevitable, and with every new loan or "accommodation" the Powers concerned asked for new concessions. It may be recalled that there are now three important international banks at the Turkish capital, each representing, in practice, its own country—viz., the Banque Ottoman (French), the Deutsche Bank (German), and the National Bank of Turkey, which is English, ironically enough, in spite of its name.

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After the war with Italy, the war with the Balkan States. Turkey is now almost bankrupt. It is difficult to see how the sums wanted for the payment of troops and civil officials, apart altogether from the heavy expenses of the campaign in Thrace, can possibly be raised in Turkey itself. The financiers interested can dictate their own terms, and they are not likely to be actuated by any sympathy, either with the Turks or with the Balkan League. It has already been intimated to the four Allied States that they must take over an amount of the Turkish National Debt in proportion to the Ottoman territory which they annex. The four Governments concerned have replied that they see no objection to this course, if only the Powers will guarantee them a cash indemnity from Turkey equal in amount to the proportion of the Debt taken over. This somewhat cool proposal has been courteously declined, and the Allies have been made to realise that any sums paid by Turkey in the way of an indemnity would, perforce, have to come out of the pockets of French or German taxpayers. The Allies are welcome to take over a certain amount of land, but they must take a

proportion of the Debt with it, and they must expect no money from the Turks.

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On top of these negotiations comes the proposal, outlined very briefly by the Mahmud Shefket Cabinet in its recent conciliatory Note regarding Adrianople, that the Turkish Government shall be authorised to increase the Customs dues, followed by the proposal that the capitulations shall be abolished. All this has proved too much for Europe, and the financial elements among the Powers are considering the situation. If the plans now being slowly drafted are finally adopted, Turkey may soon, and suddenly, find herself in the position which China is now fighting against, and which Persia is already in. Expressed in other words, this means that Turkey may be left with nominal independence so far as internal government is concerned; but that the Ottoman Empire as a whole, from Thrace to Bagdad, will be taken over by the financial representatives of the Powers as a going concern, and administered for the benefit of the European bondholders. The Council of Administration at Constantinople, that is, may in future have to deal not only with part of Turkey's finances, but with the entire revenue of the Empire.

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This was why I spoke last week of the tactlessness of the Young Turks in raising these financial questions just at this moment. If they had waited a little they might have been able to make more satisfactory arrangements; but the Powers can only deal with one thing at a time, and, where a financially weak nation is concerned, they are usually content to take the shortest cut possible. If the easiest way out of their present difficulties seems to be to take over the financial administration of the Ottoman Empire, they will not hesitate to adopt that method.

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It must be recollected that in the case of Turkey East meets West with a vengeance, and all the racial and social antagonisms of Asia and Europe come into sharp conflict. The easy-going Turk simply cannot be brought to realise the importance of such things as punctuality in train services, the need for developing his mines, the necessity of good roads and drains—the Western idea, in short, that he shall stop saying "Kismet" and get on with his work. Personally, my sympathies are with the Turk, who would have been a first-class citizen of Asia Minor and of his corner of Europe if he had been left alone. He never wanted railways, he never wanted roads, for he seldom makes what we may call a European use of them, and he was healthy enough, or felt so, without drains. Why, he grumbled, could the foreigner not have rested content with building hotels in Constantinople and refrained from penetrating further with his cursed inventions, abhorred of the Prophet and the Faithful?

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The present chaotic financial condition of the Turkish Empire, in short, is not due to the Turk so much as to the "pushing" capitalists of Western Europe, who wanted concession after concession so as to increase their profits, and to the strenuous commercial efforts, in a small way, of Italian and Greek merchants in the coast towns. The Bank of Rome, it may be recalled, played some part in Italy's declaration of war, although its influence was not nearly so great as was asserted at the time by critics who see the finger of finance in pies where it has never been inserted.

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Whatever the result of the fighting, then, the future of Turkey is largely an affair of European financiers; and, in the circumstances, it can hardly be otherwise. For Turkey has become sufficiently modernised to feel the need of money, and she can get money from only a few recognised sources. That money calls for interest, and Turkey has not yet produced a statement of adequate financial capacity for getting that interest together without some outside assistance. I fear I shall have occasion to refer to this matter more than once again.

Military Notes.

By Romney.

LIGHT is beginning to be cast upon the causes of Turkish defeat. It is stated in "The Balkan War Drama"—a short military and diplomatic history of the campaign by the "Times" correspondent in Belgrade—that the collapse of the Turkish regimental organisation (as well as of the Turkish staff) was largely due to the utter failure of the new highly instructed regimental officer, with whom the new regime replaced the rougher but tougher men of Hamidian days. The old officers, we are told, were ignorant, uneducated ranters, no great hand at promotion examinations (owing to an unfortunate inability to read or write), but first-class fighting men, with the power of getting their companies to follow them. Their successors seem to have been chosen on the score of an extensive knowledge of books and the trick of solving the natty tactical problems of Prussian trained instructors, which is all very nice, so far as it goes, and "Romney" will be the last to discourage it. But they seem to have forgotten how men should be led, for it is certain that the men failed to follow them. Their moral prestige must have been, indeed, low to cause such despondency among troops so stolid and unemotional as the Ottoman.

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There is a lesson here. We must not rush into the opposite error of assuming that theoretical knowledge of every description is valueless, and that cool courage and the power of enthusing men is all that war requires in regimental officers. (And, before proceeding, let me make it perfectly clear that it is the regimental officers, and more particularly the company officers, of whom I am talking. Everybody is agreed that the maximum of theoretical knowledge is necessary in the staff.) In the first place, the staff is drawn from the regimental officers, and the training which may appear wasted upon the subaltern will bear fruit in the general. In the second place, if the higher command is to meet with a willing response to its orders, the rest of the army must be educated up to the point of appreciating them. The divorce in sympathy which otherwise results has been one of our most pressing dangers in the British Army for years. But when all that is granted—and everyone does grant it now, except the "practical men"—it is time to remember that when armies are fighting on the European scale—hundreds of thousands against hundreds of thousands—your captain and subaltern become mere pawns in the game. Their individuality is lost in large masses of men; if they possess any tactical skill, they will find small opportunity of using it; and very little will be required of them, except the power of getting their men to follow them in some reasonably orderly manner.

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Now, not only this, but there is positively a danger in increasing the skill of troops in taking advantage of ground and of other incidents upon their side, unless at the same time you increase their courage and resolution in a proportionate degree. Take, for example, a hypothetical company of 100 untrained, undisciplined men of good fighting stock. Upon coming into action for the first time, these men would follow the dictates of their own instincts, and advance until their morale and cohesion gave way before the enemy's bullets. So far, so good. They are excellent material. Apply to them a course of what one may call moral training—improve their discipline, increase their esprit de corps, teach them an almost automatic obedience to their leaders—and you will double or even treble the strain to which they can be exposed and the distance to which they can advance before breaking. But suppose the limits of moral training to have been reached, and that your men do not yet advance far enough or bear sufficient loss without breaking for your purposes. Only one other thing is left to you. You must increase their

skill in avoiding losses—in taking advantage of natural features and so forth—so that, although their loss-bearing capacity may not be greatened, yet the amount of loss to which they are exposed will be lessened, and the result will be a net increase in fighting value.

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But this last is a very dangerous experiment. In war the art of avoiding loss is valuable only as a means of ultimately inflicting greater loss upon the enemy. It should therefore be taught only to troops whose morale is so high that there is no danger of their losing sight of this fact or of pursuing safety as an end in itself. And although such troops have existed, especially among veteran armies which have learned by experience the ultimate folly of the latter course, I do candidly doubt whether we have any of them under arms at the present moment. And I fancy that even now, in time of peace, I can detect the signs of the demoralisation in which training in the avoidance of loss has therefore resulted.

* * *

For instance, given a position to be attacked which is frontally difficult—owing, let us say, to the enemy's field of fire—but which can be turned from the flank. There is, of course, every reason why we should prefer to turn it from the flank, provided always that there is time enough, and that there are no other objections, such as the interference with the movements of other troops that the necessary detour frequently involves. But granted that, in three cases out of five the difficulty of attack can be lessened by manœuvres of this description, yet on the other two it will be necessary, for one reason or another, to "go straight in," and the bother is that men accustomed to the first method are apt to shrink from the second. We are all cowards at heart, and we are all willing to accept the comfortable illusion that battles can be won by sheer unaided tactical finesse—the more so because nothing is more fascinating in peace than the study and practice of this finesse, nothing duller than the continuous drill and parade work involved in the practice of the more straightforward methods. But though it may be fascinating, it is often not war. Once accustomed to the fatal idea of winning easily and by cleverness, the mind of man, which never exactly welcomes the idea of heavy losses, refuses to entertain it at all, and an army which has reached that stage is beaten before it goes to war.

* * *

Very much the same thing may be observed with bayonet fighting. Two sorts of men are of any use with the bayonet. One is the kind of man who, knowing nothing about bayonet fighting whatever, attacks instinctively and vigorously. In nine cases out of ten, such men will defeat the defensive of a moderately skilled bayoneteer, even in time of peace, and in actual war, where the moral advantages of the attack are decupled, they would win against the most skilled defence any and every time. The other is the man who, while acquainted with the various thrusts and parries, and able to employ them to advantage, has not forgotten the moral advantages of energy and dash. This is the most dangerous man of all, for he has acquired skill without losing morale. The third kind of man, who is no use at all, is he from whom a little knowledge has eliminated the combative instinct which normally would lead him to attack, and who has come to rely upon the finesse of fiddle and poke, which is of precious little value, even under the artificial conditions of the gymnasium, and which could never even be attempted in the field.

* * *

In military history the first type of bayoneteer corresponds to the old "stand up and go straight at it" army of Crimean and Mutiny times; the second to something which does not now exist in Europe, but which was very nearly reached in the war-trained Imperial army of Austerlitz and Jena. The third corresponds to something which we are creating to-day—a force in which finesse is relied upon to take the place of resolution, but will, of course, be relied upon in vain.

Guild Socialism—XII.

Motive under the Guild.—*(Continued.)*

We see, then, that the motive to do good work under private capitalism is starved and stunted, not only by a blind and vindictive discontent, but by the refusal of private capitalism to put its wage slaves into a position of even relative independence. Slaves they must be, with a slave morality. Try as we may, we cannot distinguish between the morality of slavery and wagery.

If, then, we start with sabotage—the disposition to reduce the quality of the work to suit the wage—it cannot be doubted that this motive, under Guild organisation, is transmuted into a motive, not to reduce but to increase the labour product. In a striking passage Le Bon has shown the extraordinary psychological change that comes over a man when he enters into economic association with his fellows. He may be mean in his personal dealings; in his association he is generous and large-minded. He may be cowardly or pusillanimous in his own person; in association he is courageous. He may be slack and lazy in his private life; association calls out vigour and persistence. In short, a man may discover no motive in himself to please himself; the motive to stand well with his fellows soon asserts itself at the touch of active association. But in the Guilds the motive is stronger than the hunger for approbation; the slacker injures himself as well as his associates by his slackness. He knows that it is only by maintaining a high standard of craft and effort that he can realise the very purpose that brought him into the Guild. In any event, if a certain proportion of slackers and malingerers be found, it is certain that the general membership will know how to deal with them.

Those who have intimate dealings with the workers of Great Britain (doubtless the remark is equally applicable to other countries) know how deeply rooted is the passion to do good work if opportunity serves. It is a miracle and a mercy that modern industrialism has not killed it outright. Kill the craftsmanship of an industrial country, and what remains? Yet to-day, difficult though it be to believe, the vast majority of the manufacturers of Western Europe and America seem to be in a gigantic conspiracy to crush out that very craftsmanship that is the life-blood of their occupation. The reason is simple: mechanical production necessitates intense specialisation, so that to-day a man no longer learns a trade—he is put to a section of it, and there he sticks for the rest of his life. But the workers are by nature gregarious and companionable, so that by exchange of experiences the tradition of each trade is maintained—a tradition that will bloom into human reality when labour ceases to be a non-human commodity and becomes as richly human as it was under the mediæval Guild. Motive! What workman is there who would not sell his soul to become a craftsman? Even to-day the labourer starves himself that he may put his son to some so-called skilled trade.

There are, however, many other motives and aspirations. There is the motive or ambition of the Guild member to rise in the Guild hierarchy and become an administrator. This form of motive to-day has two branches: one man gradually attains foremanship, and graduates into the commercial side of his trade; another man becomes absorbed in trades unionism, and finally plays a more or less prominent part as an official, a delegate, or what not. The organisation of the Guilds will not be complete unless full scope be given to both these types to achieve their appropriate careers. In this connection we see the technical associations indefinitely extending their membership by the admission into their ranks of the actual workers, now their inferiors, but, under the Guilds, their equals and their comrades. Under private capitalism most men are pre-

cluded from the satisfaction of these motives; their rightful positions are seized by the blood relations of their employers. But under Guild organisation every private carries a marshal's baton.

It is doubtful, however, whether the majority of mankind regard their means of livelihood as the main concern of life. They would fain work that they may live; wagery compels them to live that they may work. The preoccupations, practical and spiritual, of bare subsistence, benumb faculties and aspirations which are of incalculable value. It is impossible to move amongst even the most poorly paid wage slaves without encountering innumerable signs of genius, of thought, of artistic or literary or religious cravings. We have written it before, but it bears constant repetition: the case for democracy is that it is the inexhaustible well from which a nation draws its resources, human, economic, social, spiritual. All these are comprehended in democracy, and only in democracy. It is the ground out of which fructifies the seed of national life. The case against the wage system is that it starves the ground—"lets it run down," to use an agricultural term If this be so, does it not follow that any economic reformation of society that gives ample scope to the endlessly varied and kaleidoscopic motives, ambitions, and cravings of the mass rather than of the favoured few will best harmonise with motive, enriching that democracy which is the fountain of national life?

It is often contended that the wage slave is almost as lazy and shiftless as the chattel slave; that to maintain wealth production it is therefore necessary to keep the wage slave at the spur point of starvation. "Give them money, and they instantly ease off," we are constantly told in varying terms of contempt. We merely mention the point to show that it has not escaped us; we shall certainly not argue such a foolish proposition. It is not an argument; it is an excuse for sweated wages. It is, of course, true that a man's face may be so ground that he may lose all heart, all resilience, and sink into utter indifference and inertia. But if this be true of the majority of the wage earners—the majority of the nation—how about the glories of the British Empire? Is it built up on the basis of a thriftless and shiftless proletariat—a proletariat that starts work at six o'clock in the morning, and treads the corn for nine, ten, or eleven hours? The more far-sighted employers, alive to the essential falsity of this conception, have discovered that there is an economy of high wages so scientifically accurate that it destroys the wage-fund theory and resists the law of diminishing returns. It is universally true that acquisition stimulates accumulation—the appetite grows by what it feeds upon. Place a man and his family beyond the reach of urgent want, give him some scope for his faculties, some ease of movement, he instantly becomes a source of national wealth. How often do we hear it said: "If only I were in some measure free from the cursed grind, I could do something worth while." And we implicitly believe it. One of the most appalling aspects of private capitalism is its callous disregard for any kind of genius, skill, or ability which it cannot exploit. Worse! It kills out even the wealth-producing capacities of the workers.

"We too now say
That she, scarce comprehending
The greatest of her golden-voiced sons any more,
Stupidly travels her dull round of mechanic toil,
And lets slow die out of her life
Beauty and genius and joy."

It is impossible to analyse the multitudinous and mixed motives of mankind. Some are noble; some are ignoble. But we have no doubt that the true way of life is to give free scope to noble motives, trusting to the culture, common-sense, and widely distributed wealth of the nation to kill or cure ignoble motives.

If we cannot analyse, define, or docket the motives of men, it is, perhaps, possible to discover the true conditions and atmosphere in which motives, appetites, and ambitions may be satisfied. A motive implies a will. But before it can in any degree be realised, power must be added to will. Thus the condition precedent is will-power. We cannot, however, even possess will unless the fund of will is greater than the depletion of that will-fund for the bare maintenance of life. A surplus of will over the amount of energy requisite for existence is therefore essential. This surplus once secured, man has only to apply himself to the satisfaction of his motive by means of his will-power. He will succeed or fail as the will-power in him is strong enough or too weak for the purpose. The modern aristocratic theory is that this "Will to Power" most appropriately resides in the breasts of the culture of the dominant few—those who have acquired the culture of the schools in close alliance with the more distinctively exploiting class—their surplus of will-power being at its maximum because there is no demand upon their will-fund to maintain life—and that therefore the true way of national life is to subject the mass of labouring mankind to such discipline as shall keep them in subjection and their masters in control. This is done by maintaining harmony and balance between the forces of conventional morality and the physical forces at the command of the Crown. This theory presupposes that out of a bureaucrat grows a superman. It runs counter to the democratic theory that it is only by the cultivation of the powers and propensities of the mass of the population that national greatness can be attained. The question, therefore, is thus resolved: Is the Will to Power a perquisite of a dominant class, or is it a universal quality? The bureaucrats claim it; so, also, do the Guilds.

The Sleeping Giant Anatomized.

I POINTED out in a previous article that the idea universally accepted by Trade Unionists, Socialists, Syndicalists, and Anarchists that the proletariat is all-powerful if he would only realise his strength is found, when examined, to be based on mere presumption. In this article I will deal with another "truism" upon which are based the hopes of the Labour Party in this country and of the Social Democratic Parties of the world. The idea underlying the Parliamentary hopes of these parties is this: When the majority of the working classes shall be converted to Socialism, they will inevitably all vote for Socialistic candidates; as the workers are in the majority, they will be able to return to Parliament a majority of Socialist members; and the executive power of the State will fall as a matter of course into the hands of the Socialists. When that will have happened, the Socialistic Government will gradually transform the present system of society into the Socialistic Commonwealth.

Now let me ask my Socialist friends: From what premises have they drawn the conclusion that the working classes in the various constitutional countries really have a majority of votes? Have they examined the registration books and discovered the number of wage-workers (such as are economically and psychologically suitable to become Socialists) inscribed as voters? They have done nothing of the kind. They merely presumed that the working classes have a majority of votes from the general fact that the poor form an overwhelming majority of every nation. Even Mr. Chiozza Money, who is all figures and statistics, in reply to the writer's private inquiry as to the proof that the proletariat commands a majority of the electorate, says: "A useful point for you to remember is that over the £160-a-year line (income-tax line) there are about five million people who own practically all the land and capital of the country, while under that line there are thirty-nine million people who have little or no property. It, of

course, follows that the proletariat commands the great majority of the votes of the country." The reader will note that I have emphasised above the words "economically and psychologically suitable to become Socialists." Socialists will be the last to dispute my contention that there is a vital difference from a Socialistic standpoint—between the merely poor of a nation and the proletariat—i.e., those who economically own nothing but their labour power, and psychologically have been so moulded by generations of the factory system that their ideal is different from those of the lower middle classes and those whom the Germans call "luftmenschen." From a Marxian standpoint, the proletariat alone is the gravedigger of Capitalism and the candidate for Socialism. Members of other classes might either from an enlightened self-interest, or, from sympathy with the working classes, join the movement, but the proletariat is the rejected stone which is to become the head of the corner of Socialism. But I suggest that the "stone" does not command a majority of the electorate in any country; and although it is difficult to prove the suggestion in black on white, it is equally difficult to arrive at the opposite conclusion when we make the following analysis, of Socialists and anti-Socialists. In the latter we will include (1) All property owners, large and small (the small property owner is often more "capitalistic" than the large); (2) Managers, superintendents, foremen, secretaries, the higher grade clerks, commercial travellers, agents, small traders, salesmen, buyers, floor walkers in large stores, pedlars, hawkers, cab drivers who hire their cabs, middlemen, and all kinds of "luftmenschen," all those enumerated, although wage earners, and mostly poor, are still devotees of Capitalism; (3) Most of those who directly or indirectly derive their living from the State (such people are against changes and revolutions); (4) Professional men.

In countries like England, where the landed proprietors hold the villagers in their power, we must count ninety per cent of the rural vote as anti-socialistic. Farmers, however poor, are as conservative as the lords of the manor themselves. In the United States there are about 6,000,000 individual farmers, and about one million farm labourers, who are regular voters. They are not off and on the registers as are many of the proletariat, so Socialism has nothing to hope for from that quarter. In France, the farmers who are in numbers next in proportion to those of the United States, are the bulwark of Conservatism.

Let us now turn to the Socialist party. We will assume that to this party belong all the proletarian voters, with a few voters from the other camps by reason of sentiment. I lay stress upon the words "proletarian voters," as distinguished from the whole proletariat; for the important reason, that not all proletarians are voters. From an article in an American magazine, written by a Socialist employed in the State Statistical Department, we learn that in the United States, the land of Capitalism, the vote of the proletariat is about one-third of the total vote. We shall, therefore, not be far from the truth if we assume that in other countries it is the same. We must also take into consideration the fact that not all proletarians who are eligible to vote can or do always vote. We must deduct the number of votes lost by the proletariat, owing to frequent changes of residence, to disfranchisement, for taking parish relief, and to absence owing to the character of their employment. Recently, a working-man voter was struck off the register on a peculiar point of law. The barrister asked him whether the landlady, of whom he rented his room, would allow him to take into his room an organgrinder, with half a dozen monkeys. The man replied that he believed the landlady would object. Hence, argued the learned gentleman of the law, the man was not entitled to his vote, as he had not the full control of the room he was living in. In West St. Pancras, some time ago, a large number of voters were disfranchised because their landlords did not pay the rates for their tenements; although the tenants paid their rents which included the rates. In 1895 the number of electors in the United Kingdom on the registers was 6,331,000, and the number of people who actually voted was 4,587,000. It is not unreasonable to assume that the greater part of the 1,744,000 absent voters were of the working classes, who, for one reason or another, could not vote. In the recent Lansbury by-election, about 30 per cent. of the voters on the register did not vote. It was claimed that the missing voters were removals. Be it remembered, property owners will often travel for many miles to record their votes. The conclusion to which we are bound to come is that when the total number of votes is divided between those who are likely to vote for Socialism, and those against it, the majority of votes will be Anti-Socialist.

We will now turn to another aspect of the same question. Let us assume, for the sake of argument, that the majority of voters in every country will vote for Socialism. Even then the Socialists could not obtain control of the State, for this does not depend on the number of voters, but on the number of members of Parliament. Under the present representative system prevalent in every democratic country, a constituency of several hundred rich men, can send a representative as well as a constituency of tens of thousands of poor men. In the United States, according to the above-mentioned article, the proletariat has a majority of votes only in eleven States, and if in the proletarian vote were to be included the votes of farm labourers (which is not probable, as they usually vote with their masters, and their ideal is not Socialism, but to become farmers themselves), then another four States would be added to the Socialistic number. When we consider the fact that the total number of States is 43, and that it requires two-thirds of that number to change or amend the Constitution, the hopelessness of bringing about the Social revolution through the ballot-box by the proletariat is evident. Germany furnishes the most striking example. About 4,000,000 votes cast for the Social-Democratic Party, and the number of seats only about a hundred!

Let not the reader draw the conclusion that the writer, either directly or indirectly, advises the working classes to abandon independent political action. As long as the relationship between Capital and Labour is what it is; as long as the average capitalist treats and regards the workers as beasts of burden; so long must the workers fight the Capitalists as best they can on the economic and political fields; because if Labour will not fight Capital, the latter will fight the former. As the Chinaman said when he was rebuked for striking his wife: "I no lick her; she lick me." The Anarchistic and Syndicalistic propaganda against the workers' political fight, is suicidal. The power of the Unions will rise or fall, in proportion to the rise or fall of the political power of the workers. The miners' strike, and the transport workers' strike demonstrated the above statement clearly: If there were no Labour party in Parliament, if its influence, small as it is at present, had not been brought to bear upon the Government, the miners would have been totally defeated, as were the transport workers, who relied on their economic strength. But we must distinguish between the use of the ballot to raise the status of the working classes under Capitalism, to extract from Parliament what Parliament can offer; and the entirely different use of the ballot to bring about the Social revolution. Reforms may be politically obtained, but not a revolution.

JOSEPH FINN.

MRS. DRUMMOND'S SOLILOQUY.

I did the talkee bold and fine,
And bounced the magistrate quite like
I *meant* to do the hunger-strike:
Some unknown person paid my fine!

Why don't these angels e'er incline
To stump up for the rank and file?
They're left to "strike" in durance vile:
No unknown person pays their fine!

A. T.

Notes on the Present Kalpa.

By J. M. Kennedy.

XII.—LINKS.

THERE still lies about us the dust of the countless millions of generations of which we are the products. Out of the earth we have come, and into it again we shall disappear—even though our bodies may be burnt and our ashes scattered to the winds. We mark off plots of ground, dub them graveyards, and call them holy. But every square inch of ground is a grave, and was holy in its epoch to generations of men. Even now, in unexpected places, we dig up skulls, and frequently whole skeletons. Often the ploughshare turns over a curious bone, and old people throughout the countryside will vaguely recall traditions of a battle. Three or four hundred years hence, for example, the peasants on the outskirts of Kumanovo may dig up Moslem bones, and remind one another how the Servians buried their Turkish prisoners alive thereabouts in 1912. Every field, if we could only realise it, is a battlefield—not always the scene of a battle between armed forces, but more often a battle between man and destiny. How many caravans have perished in the desert? How many Egyptians were carried away by the sudden rising of the Nile? How many pioneers have died of exposure, hunger, thirst, disease?

Incalculable is the extent of the mortality of the things that once lived on the earth. But all these dead have returned in another form. Even if it be not admitted that their souls found other bodies, we cannot but grant that the dead bodies mingled with the earth and became, in time, the fruitful soil out of which other bodies grew. But, though life sprang out of the dead, it did not necessarily always assume the same form. We have had innumerable monsters which are, so to say, even more extinct than the dodo. Museums have carefully collected the remains of the dinosaur and the ichthyosaurus. The elephant and the hippopotamus still remain with us to show in what strange forms life can yet appear; and the ant is at the other extreme to remind us in how small a compass intelligence can compress itself.

Between man and these animals there is a gap which has not yet been bridged. To the naturalist (I do not mean the ultra-scientific, mathematical naturalist, but rather the Buffons and the Gilbert Whites) the abyss is neither wide nor deep. True, he cannot cross it; but he can at least look over to the other side, and his imagination may enable him to distinguish reality from Maya. Such a man will hold, maybe, that the chief distinction between men and animals is that men possess, in the first place, written records of events; and, in the second, a more stringent conception of the rights of property. Not that there are no rights of property among what we are pleased to call the lower animals. If you doubt it, run your walking-stick into one of those innocent-looking holes in the ditch that conceal a wasps' nest; make to pick up a chicken when the mother-hen is near; offer to withdraw that bone from between the dog's apathetic paws. Here, however, the sense of property comes to an end in this other curious world within a world. Its denizens own, and will stoutly defend, holes, corners, nests, lairs; but they make no claim to the adjoining land, or sea, or air. You may show yourself in the immediate vicinity of a beehive; but not until you poke your finger inside will your presence be greatly resented. The horse will tolerate you in the stable; but not in the manger. Trespassers will not be prosecuted.

The tiger family has no written records; neither had the first Brahmins. But I had rather be a tiger than, say, a labour leader; for the former can boast of aristocratic descent, and is no coward. Such traditions as the Brahmins had, however, they passed on from generation to generation by the living voice; and men could remember in those days. It is not too much to suggest that each animal family may have its own little tradition. How do we know that there is not some model tiger who fought the first great battle with the elephant; a tiger held up as an example to open-mouthed little tiger-cubs? Or, that the elephant family has not some hoary tradition about the first Jumbo who was set upon by a lithe monster with awesome spring and dreadful claws; but who, nevertheless, conquered this beast, pulled him away with his powerful trunk, speared him with his tusks, and made pulp of him by simply standing on him for a minute or two afterwards?

It has long been recognised that animals speak to one another—animals, of course, of the same family. Darwin, even, was able to record several cases. Especially noteworthy is that one of the apes which produced "an exact octave of musical sounds, ascending and descending by half-tones"—a baritone gibbon! This will naturally remind us of a nation in whose language "tones" play an important part. Chinese "as she is wrote" in lesson-books differs very considerably from Chinese "as she is spoke," as any experienced ideographist will realise from troublesome experience. But animals speak in "tones," too. With long practice, any intelligent being can decipher these tones. There may be men among us who are capable of "discussing" sex questions with goats and others—the Post-Impressionist school of writers, for example—who can hold converse with a bluebottle. Indeed, the imagination does not require to be violently stretched to suggest many ways in which modern man-writings should be disposed of. Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie's poetry of excreta might well be translated into Swinish; "The Widow in the Bye-Street" into Rammic; the speeches of labour leaders into Skunkee. Decidedly, such an age of progress has yet to come; and when it does, of course, many politicians will have to study the Rattic dialect.

Men have divided land into sections, and decreed that such-and-such a portion shall belong to So-and-so. But what nonsense is this? So-and-so's land, if it is in Western America, may be overrun by bison, and if it is in Central Africa the mosquitos may drive him off it. Even at home the hare, timid as he is, has no respect for rights of property, and the birds make no bones about settling in the great man's trees. High on their perches they caw defiance at all the world. Any animal but man may roam at will over private property. It is true that we have rat-traps; but some excuse can be found for rat-traps. But, if anyone asks whether we have advanced in civilisation, let it be remembered that we once had man-traps also. Because man-traps are now illegal, however, let it not be assumed that we have advanced. For these coarse physical instruments, which often caused a horrid mess, we have substituted things like the Insurance Act. The Insurance Act is simply a spiritual man-trap sprung by politicians. "Compulsory Arbitration" is another man-trap to which the finishing touches are now being put. The old form of man-trap was nobler; for it was open and above-board, and we knew that we ought to be on our guard against it if we were in forbidden places.

Animals are links with the past as much as men. It is never sufficiently borne in mind that the written records of mankind cover only a trifling portion of time. Up to 900 or 1000 B.C. we are on fairly sure ground. Further back we cannot assign definite dates to documents. We realise from philological and other researches that Babylon, for example, was a highly civilised community, with law-codes and a decaying religion, in 6000 B.C., and the University of Pennsylvania expedition of 1888 discovered a temple which is assigned, on good scientific grounds, to 7000 B.C. But at least 43,000 years before this the Pamir plateau was being crossed by those tribes who brought the elements of the Vedas with them. The further we go back, the further back we find we have still to go.

Law versus Justice.*

By Friedrich Gans, M.D.

ABOUT six months ago a medical man in Edinburgh was sentenced to seven years penal servitude for having been found guilty of an offence, called in the technical language of the law a felony, which, at the discretion of the Court, may be punished with from three years to lifelong penal servitude, and he ought to be glad in his bereavement that he was tried before a Scottish Court, for an English Lord Justice probably would have apportioned to him ten years, or, perhaps, still a greater wheel to tread on. This is the way Madame Justitia walks, and, as the law stands, nothing much can be said against. But if the presiding Judge in pronouncing his sentence thought it necessary to qualify his judgment by saying that this heinous and most abominable crime is getting rife and abroad, and that he, therefore, seizes the opportunity by exemplary punishing the culprit to show what the perpetrators of that crime will have to expect, then it seems (to me) that the worthy Judge has, to put it mildly, misused his discretionary power and shown himself a good pupil of Mr. Judge Jeffreys of famous memory.[1] It is really a very fine, but grim, joke of the popular language, if it calls the master by the same word as the instrument the master uses; Master Justice administering or applying justice—what a fine figure of speech.

This sermon from the unassailable pulpit of the judiciary reminds one very strongly of the Papal Bull[2]: "Who would not detest such a heinous and abominable crime, that causes not only the ruin of the body, but also the perdition of the soul; who would not condemn those godless to the severest punishments who preclude the soul that is formed in the image of the Lord . . . from the happy and blessed tuition of the Lord, who try to impede with all their might the building of the heavenly throne and filch Him of the service of His creatures?[2] But we live now in an age of doubt and criticism, ethical and æsthetical values are transformed and in the moulding. We now do not accept everything for granted and right, even if it comes from so high an authority as the Pope or the Chief Justice; we respect authority, but we inquire into the truth and right of the authority. So we very well may ask if wilful abortion be really such a crime as the Judge would have it impressed on us, if it be a crime at all, and which are the motives the legislator has allowed himself to be guided by in punishing it.[3]

Here we may say at once that an action is not wrong because it is forbidden, but it must be forbidden because it was found wrong. "An action is not a crime sensu strictiori because it is punished by death or hard labour, but it is punished so severely because it is considered a crime." The public does not exist for the officials, but the officials are made in the interest of the public. "A patient has not the abscess in order that, or because, the surgeon cuts, but the surgeon cuts because there is an abscess."[4] Many would oppose this statement. Most of all it is the Judge who, in his legal mind and from his legal point of view, would not admit it. There is, however, probably not one human action that has not been deemed punishable at one time, or a crime which has not ever been held as such.[5] We must, therefore, dismiss the theory of "Right by Lawfulness."

We have said that an action "crime" is punished because it is considered wrong (criminal). This being admitted we may ask then what is the wrong that is to be punished, what is the crime that makes it prosecutable. The State or the society is, so to say, a highly complex organism after the fashion of the multicellular joint stock company animal, and, as every other living company of that kind, has also the feeling of being alive and the, may be, instinctive will of preserving or keeping itself alive. It will, therefore, after the standard attained on the road to what is euphemistically called Culture do everything that tends to favour it, and try to prevent or to keep off anything that seems to disturb it. Thus the State has made it its duty to protect those certain goods which are esteemed necessary or wholesome to a healthy development of its component parts. This protection accorded by the State (society) is exercised practically by punishing any action that would cause injury to those "Goods at Law." There is, however, a limitation to the discretionary power of the State; those "Goods at Law," those "Rights" must be of a general, social, public nature, in order that their violation is to be punished. Never does, or ought, the State to punish the violation of private individual rights if there is not a general interest at stake.[6] Having thus cleared the ground, we have won a proper basis whereon to proceed further, and we have now to inquire into the Rights which are endangered or injured by wilful abortion, and being of such a social nature that its injury must be protected by Penal Law. In this respect we will consider the matter in the following way:—

1. The fœtus.
2. Mother.
3. Father.
4. State (society).
5. Any other person or body.
6. Morality.

1. Has the fœtus a Right of Life, e.g., is there a Fœtal Right that binds a woman to carry to the natural end of her pregnancy in order that the fruit may be born alive? A fœtal right! It sounds rather queer in this apposition; and strange it is, although the laws of many nations, as they exist at present, seem to recognise such a "fœtal right." Yet this latter circumstance is not an argument in favour of it, but rather is per se a testimonial for the slow working of our law grinding

*E.—Otto Ehinger, LL.D., and Wolfram Kimig, LL.D.; Ursprung und Entwicklung der Bestrafung der Fruchtabtreibung. (Origin and development of the punishment of wilful abortion.)
L.—Eduard Ritter von Liszt, LL.D.; "Die Kriminelle Fruchtabtreigung." ("Criminal Abortion.")
W.—Fritz Wittels, M.D.; "Die sexuelle Not." ("Sexual Needs.")

[1] This is not the only most abominable of the crimes. A second one is the White Slave Traffic. The epithet was given, with a little more justification, by the Reverend Bishop of London, who in his Christian feelings, proved himself such an eager defender of the betterment through flogging.

[2] Quoted from Ehinger.
This bull was decreed by the Pope Sixtus V, 1588, putting capital punishment on wilful miscarriage, but very soon it was found that his severe measure not only had not the effect expected, but that the laity grew very indignant. Already three years later, 1591, Pope Gregory XIV mitigated the law.

[3] I do not intend to go into the legal distinctions between offence, misdemeanour, crime or felony. I use here the word crime in its general sense as a grave offence that deserves also severe punishment.

[4] L., p. 100.

[5] The best illustration of this changing of views is the proverbial saying: "The big thieves go about scot free, the sheep stealer is hanged."

[6] E., p. 107, for example: "If A steals property belonging to B he does not yet commit a punishable crime by the action. Only for the fact that by his action the common interest in the security of general intercourse and public peace is harmed, his action became criminal. As such it appears also if the hungry beggar A takes a piece of bread from the table of the millionaire. In this case punishment would be rather hard and unjust, if one would justify it by saying that A's interest or private property has been violated."

machine. A right is something personal; only a person or a community of persons can exercise a right, e.g., a right can be apportioned only to persons, i.e., living man. A fœtus, however, is not a man, is not a person in the juridical sense; it might, perhaps, become a man, but it is not one. Biology and Medicine prove it, that the fœtus is not man, that it is part and parcel of the maternal organism, and so dependent on the latter, that it is for eight months incapable of life if separated from it. This standpoint, which is also that of the Roman and Mosaic Law, is the only reasonable one. Of course, the ecclesiastical and, for that matter, also the official view is different. Theirs is the religious conception based on Tertullian, who taught about 200 A.D. that even the nascent fœtus is a man, and that man is contained already in the germ.[7] And later St. Augustine decided that the fœtus is animated from the beginning. It took the Church a long time before, by sweet and other persuasion, she got the people converted to her conception, which, after all, was not even new, but misunderstood Aristoteles. And thus it came to pass that wilful abortion was to be considered murder, and the punishment for murder was death. Following up this idea to its logical extremities, then at every menstruation some human life would be destroyed; as the ovary contains about 60,000 eggs, of which only a few could be fertilised; and since one egg can be fertilised only by one sperm filament, although thousands of spermatozoa are discharged by one emission, wholesale murder, according to the Church, would be going on, and that by order of Divine rule. And, further, the use of anticonceptional means would fall short of attempt of murder, and he who sells such means, or the doctor who, in the interest of the woman, advises her in this respect, they all would be accessory to the act.[8] [9] But if the fœtus is not a man, it is certainly a futurist, *a potential man*; to which we may answer: very well, but we know that *it is not a man*, that we *do not know what it will be*, nor if it *will come to stay at all*. It is rather precarious to put something under the protection of the criminal law of which we have really so little assured knowledge. Conclusion: from the part of the fœtus there is no right that could be injured by wilful abortion.

2. Tell a sport-loving Englishman that he would have to go to prison for going to Switzerland mountaineering, or that he would have to serve time for playing cricket on a hot day, and I would like to hear his reply. Yet the woman wilfully miscarrying is a precisely analogous case. She risks her own health, or even her own life; but is she not mistress of her own body; just as well as that cricketer or that mountain climber? What is right with the one, must not be wrong with the other, or as a colloquial English proverb puts it: "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." As long, therefore, as no other's legitimate rights are hurt, a woman wishing for one or other reason to miscarry, and putting this wish into action, owes nothing, but acts on the right recognised by the law[10], that everybody is master of his own body.

Of course, the ecclesiastical, and for that matter the official view is quite different. In their opinion your life and your body do not belong to you but are only given to you by God as a present; therefore you may not dispose of them as you like, and if you do you interfere with the Divine Will.[11] Such a view is simply that of religion and shared by the professed believer, and, perhaps, by some great augur, but it is something more than mere anachronism to uphold religious dogma by criminal law.[12] If, then, we must admit that a woman acts within her legitimate rights if she disposes of her fruit as she likes, it follows that a second person, acting or assisting on her behalf and with her consent, or at her request, must also be in the right.

3. We have, so far, admitted the general right of woman as to being her own free manager of her own bodily circumstances, but now we must make some restrictions, springing from the "rule of the husband."[13]

Although we need not entirely accept the dictum of the famous philosopher, that marriage is nothing but a contract for the exclusive use (or abuse) of the respective sexual organs,[14] nor St. Augustine's view that married persons, who do not wish for children, are but fornicators,[15] and we may hold whatever view of the object of marriage, it will be admitted, that procreation of children is, if not the only, yet the main object, particular cases or circumstances being left aside, i.e., age, disease, etc.

With this view in their mind both man and woman are embarking upon marriage, and both accept it silently as their duty.[16] Since a duty always is complemented by a right, or in other words, where there is a duty there must be a right, one could with some juridical justification construct the "husband's right of progeny." Such a right would be offended if the wife miscarries wilfully against the will, or in secret, from the husband. It is, however, more than doubtful if such a duty and the right derived from it, are real and not merely fictive. Still more questionable would be the protection of such a fictitious right through criminal law.[17]. But even if this be admitted, many exceptions must be granted, and there is no doubt that in many instances the wife would be justified against the will of her husband to wilfully miscarry; it follows that the husband could assert his "right of progeny," if such be recognised, only under certain conditions, which, however, are not always absolutely cogent. The right of the husband is faced by the right of the wife, which often go smoothly parallel to each other, sometimes,

[7] Homo est qui est futurus et fructus omnis jam insemine est. Homicidii festinatio est prohibere nasci. (Ehinger.)

[8] Indeed, here religious views contain very much of mysticism and superstition. To fight against superstition the Church is and was never capable, since a good deal of mystic superstition has its origin in the doctrines of the Church.

[9] Thus it "may be explained that in her (Church's) and in the statute laws the punishment was the same for abortion as for sorcery, and that till the newest age abortion was punished by the same law (on the part of the Church) as artificial sterility." (Eh., p. 53.) It seems that the severity of the English law has its origin in these olden, bygone times.

[10] At least, of all the other countries; this right is limited where other legitimate or superior rights are concerned, i.e., self-mutilation in order to escape military service.

[11] On the ground of such a naïve and senile doctrine England has nourished and preserved a curious speciality, viz., the felo de se, and punishes the attempt of suicide.

[12] Ehinger l.c. points out that on the strength of this argument every doctor would have to go to prison for performing a ritual circumcision, and also a barber who cuts the hair. Another necessary consequence follows, viz., that neglectful or careless mode of living during pregnancy, whether purposive or not, had to be prohibited by law, because of the enormous danger to health and life. What a Pandora box of evils such a law would open!

[13] It needs no explanation that here only the matrimonial husband comes into consideration.

[14] Kant is said to be the originator of this dictum. Quoted by Liszt, p. 84.

[15] l.c., p. 83.

[16] This found its strongest expression in the Jewish law of marriage, according to which the wife could sue for divorce if the husband refused to perform his duty.

[17] The R.L. punished the wife for this reason; but in this respect one must take into consideration that the position of the Roman pater familias was quite different from that of a present-day father. In all other respects, however, wilful abortion was free and allowed. (After E.)

however, do conflict. Who, then, shall have a greater right? Do man and woman not stand al pari?

4. There are not infrequently cases where "third persons" may have an acute interest in the birth of a child, usually cases where entailed property or inheritances are at stake. But such an interest never, and under no circumstances, can go so far as to become a right. "To found upon such an interest the right as to demand gestation till full term would be a juridical monstrosity."

5. The State (society) is interested in birth of children politically and economically. The State wants soldiers and priests, the Church baptism. These requirements would plausibly enough explain the interest of the State in child-birth. The soldier, the priest and baptism. They are the chief factors, which can build up culture, that ponderous mixture of convention and irrationality, sprinkled over with a few grains of powdered intellect; they form the trinity for the blessing of man,[18] "without which no systematic cultural life could be achieved." But all the same it is still very questionable, if the state on the ground of such a supposed interest can vindicate a right of unrestricted proliferations. And even if it were so, the State does mighty little to show that it has such a right. Nothing is done to prevent artificial sterility, the sale and provision of anti-conceptional means is entirely unrestricted and free, emigration is unlimited. The State does not encourage or facilitate marriage, nor subsidise large families,[19] which is obviously the only right method of fostering the increase of population. All these duties the State shirks, and leaves to private charity, organised or unorganised, to alleviate the misery caused by the superfluity of children, the denizens of the future, on whom the State is alleged to claim a right. Naturally, charity keeps the classes well distinct and separate, and the needful subjected, and sometimes grateful to the benefactor; but more often it makes of the necessitous a wanton, and of the impoverished a pauper, or hater. On the one hand, the State does nothing to favour the natural increase of population, on the other it punishes wilful abortion, thereby counteracting[20] just that particular interest which it is supposed to be the object of protection. Moreover, that a "Right of children" is utterly absurd, is strikingly proved by Malthusianism, which has come to stay, and is recognised and practised in all the civilised countries as an effective means of obviating proletarianism, and that the State could not force generation of children by law. The whole contention is untenable. It is, therefore, an outrage committed by the State on every woman if it forces her to bear her fruit to the natural term of gestation.[21] Every woman must have the right to limit the number of her children herself by her own wish. "Of that right nothing stands in the way than the sensible wish of her husband"[22]: If in times of dearth, or famine, or plagues, war, etc., the population is in danger of reduction, the State would have to find means how to counteract the decrease. But it would be quite out of all proportion if it would begin with forbidding abortion, because wilful abortion affects the number of the people not at all, or only very little, and it is indeed a fact proved and recognised that even in this country, in spite of the gross and severest punishment with which it is threatened, wilful abortion is on the increase.[23]

Nevertheless, there are circumstances that may justify its punishment, e.g., where the health of the people, viz., children, is concerned. It is the duty of the State to make every reasonable effort to protect the health of the people, for the health is almost as important to the nation as life itself. Only very slowly, and not until very lately, has the State awakened to learn that there are duties to perform towards the people, and that there are problems serious and grave, that cannot be solved by Dreadnoughts and endless party squabbles. If, then, the State has a right to protect the health of the people, this right may be asserted by punishing all actions detrimental to it.[24] Although, as has been stated, the State has not a right of children, yet it can reasonably demand, for the sake of the coming generation, that the children should not already suffer wilful damage to their health before they are delivered. It is certain that children born alive near the natural term and surviving, usually have suffered damage to health by their premature birth. Even if they have survived the strain of labour they are so weak and delicate that the utmost care often does not avail to rear them; almost from birth a whole arsenal of diseases waits to be let loose on them, that will weaken them for lifetime, so that if they have the luck to survive they will often turn out crippled mentally and bodily.[25] Viewed from that point, wilful miscarriage near the natural term,[26] viz., if the fœtus is already capable of extra-uterine life, e.g., from about the eighth month of gestation, would then constitute a serious punishable offence. It is curious enough that none of the leges latae have taken up this side of the spectre; almost all of them either do not punish at all if the newborn has survived, or the punishment is much more lenient and milder than it would be if the fœtus would have been dead or died shortly after birth.[27] But, as Dr. Wittels points out: "Nevertheless, it would seem that it is a much greater offence to put into the world, by the *attempt of wilful miscarriage*, a ricketty or feeble-minded cripple, than *by successful abortion* to destroy the vegetative life of a heap of cells"; we cannot do better than to assent.

6. Whether wilful abortion can or ought to be punished on moral grounds, e.g, because it might be considered immoral, is more than doubtful. In this regard it must be once for all pointed out, that moral law is one thing and criminal law another; both may be complementary, but each has its own area of dominion.[28] This is almost commonplace knowledge, yet it cannot be emphasised and reiterated often enough, for great and numerous are the judges. Neither can we see anything immoral in an action only for the reason because it conflicts with some Christian doctrine, or because in the opinion of a particular legislator or judge it is immoral. The fallacy of the ecclesiastical view has been uncovered above, so there is no need to revert to it again. And if we search the sources of the so-called Christian morals (1) the Greek and Roman national cultures, and (2) the Jewish (Mosaic) law, we find that both

[18] Of these three factors one readily appreciates the necessity of the first, whilst the usefulness of the third may be certainly doubted, and the second is positively harmful.

[19] It would seem that in regard to this point an alteration is just beginning.

[20] There is no question that the far greatest number of abortions occur with women in the "non-married" state; the breeding of illegitimate children is, however, contrary to the present-time views of society. There could be no better law of fostering the breeding of illegitimate children than the forbidding of wilful abortion.

[21] W., p. 16.

[22] L.

[23] The law forbidding it was even not at all given in the interest of the population, but has its roots in a time and views that belong to the past and bygone.

[24] With the exception of self-injury, as long as nobody else's health is thereby endangered.

[25] Here, again, the State is guilty of grave omissions; again everything is left to private enterprise, which obviously is the State's right and duty; eugenics are not yet the cynosure of the legislator.

[26] So by Eh.

[27] Wilful miscarriage is as applied to these cases a misnomer; it should be called wilful premature parturition.

[28] It is, therefore, not astonishing, though it may seem strange, that collisions between both frequently occur. The history of every country is full of such happenings.

differ widely from the Church in their conception on this matter.[29] The Church, and most certainly the Church at the time of its foundation and early growth, although it boasts to have overthrown the Pagan culture and erected a new, eternal one in its stead, has not added new ethical values to those already in existence, indeed, one may ask, whether the Church could have improved on the morals at all of, say, a Plato or Marcus Aurelius, or whether the Church could have produced greater civil virtues than exhibited, say, by Marcus Curtius, or Aristides, or Cato. No, Church morals will not do it. The Criminal Law must have a different footing. "Crimes against morality, that are only immoral because they conflict with some particular ecclesiastical or judiciary opinion ought to have no place in a criminal code, which is not constructed by theologists; criminal laws ought to be founded only and exclusively on objective evidence and knowledge."[30] Anyhow, in spite of the 1,500 years of Church regimen people have not yet come to believe that wilful abortion, at least before the quickening, is something immoral. The broad masses of the people know, perhaps, although this may sometimes be very doubtful, that they will be punished if found out, but they do not believe that there is any immorality or dishonesty attached to it; in this regard people have remained quite Pagan, as in many other things.

The law stands evidently in opposition to the popular instinct, and has apparently developed independently from and against the people.[31]

However, "Goodwill is everything and essential where morality is concerned," says Schopenhauer, and if we ask for the motives, the answer will not be doubtful. Social needs are responsible for the action, social needs in one or the other form.[32]

Here are two parents, toiling and labouring for daily bread and over-satisfied with their share of the heavens. Each increase of the family adds only to their misery and their already heavy burden. If they now, at the gloomy prospect open to themselves or their children, decide to have no more, can it then be said that they are immoral? No, *Malthusianism is not immoral,* what else may be said against it by ecclesiastical or other busybodies. Au contraire, it is the only measure to correct (to a certain degree) the monstrous inequalities in the struggle for existence with the present social conditions. *It is, therefore, mere iniquitous cant to look upon parents as immoral, who,* for one reason or the other, *do not wish for proles,* and having made up their mind to prevent it do so by hook or crook and, unfortunately, oftener by crook than by hook. There are two methods available to achieve that purpose, abstinence (moral restraint), and anti-conceptional means; the former, though safe in its end, and the latter very unsatisfactory, both may be very unpleasant and even directly harmful to health. Every practitioner, and even more so the specialist for nervous and mental diseases, can tell tales about it. And if then the woman, under the pressure of the circumstance and from fear of the law, falls into the hands of the quack or other irresponsible person, great, and often very serious mischief, might befall her, which at the hand of the expert would easily be avoided.[33] But what about that woman who "out of naughtiness or by misfortune has sinned against the moral law of the Church or of Society, based on Church morals." Of course, she is a most wicked, most immoral woman, and everybody looks down on her in contempt from his self-righteous pedestal, and it is just all the "virtuous women" who never knew what it was to resist temptation, who are in the front row to stone her. Enough to drive a sensible woman to exasperation. But, halt, this is not yet the full measure of sorrows. Tossed and pulled and pushed and dragged, they finally land very often on the quicksand of secret or overt prostitution or White Slave Traffic.[34] Necessity breaks laws, even hard as iron. If, then, knowing what society's cornucopia has preserved to her, the woman, either weary or unwilling to fight, removes the visible sign of her "disgrace," we need not be surprised by it. The one arranges it by wilful abortion, the other perhaps afraid of the law quite easily manages it through *masked murder.*

Infant mortality is high enough to make the horses shy, but the mortality of illegitimates is, horribile dictu, more than twice as large, and nobody thinks that this is due to natural selection only. *There is wholesale murder going on*[35] *for which the law must be held responsible.*

But where is Society? Society blushes, covers the face, and is disgusted. First, she forces them into guilt, and then hands them over to their torturers. And afterwards comes unctuous charity to save the fallen, with Bible and Christianity, as if that was wanting. It is of no use to blush and to be disgusted. What is wanted is that the natural right of woman to work out her own happiness should not be restricted or hindered by dubious or iniquitous laws.

A woman "falls"; who dare accuse her? Here is the question and answer to it in a nutshell. Here lies the root of all the "evil," which will not cease until

[29] Greek and Roman law did not punish wilful abortion at all except in certain conditions already mentioned; and the Jewish (Mosaic) law knows only the abortion caused or provoked by neglectful or careless action by a second person, which was compensated for by money. Only much later, and under the influence of the Greek culture wilful abortion was also rife among the Jewesses. And we see then Philo denouncing wilful abortion. "He who causes the wilful loss of the inanimate, still undeveloped fruit, shall be punished, because he did not control his passion and interfered with Nature which was forming a human being. But if the fœtus was already animated, he shall suffer death. For it was already a human being that has been killed, like a statue that is destroyed, while still at its sculptor and awaiting the day of its unveiling; it is, therefore, also blasphemy, an injury to the Divine, for life is the gift of God." (Eh.) Philo, who died about 50 A.D., tried to graft platonic doctrines on Jewish ideas. His "Gnosticism" has become the stock-in-trade of the early Christian writers.

[30] Eh., p. 164.

[31] Here is a point for the lawyer to work out.

[32] A great variety of motives have been reported, such as *vanity, voluptuousness, revengefulness, jealousy, love of pleasure, fear,* superstitions, etc. All these taken together form only a very small percentage.

[33] Neither need the physician be afraid of the law for the matter is so easily managed, and a reason that would even satisfy a jury be found without difficulty. In fact, they are not afraid of the law. This, however, is not meant as an accusation of the profession.

[34] Prostitution as we know it now is a double-headed hydra. The one head is that of the "born prostitute" of Lombroso, the other is the "prostitute of storm and stress." Whilst the former is vicious in the makeshift, the other is the product of society. This is the way how the Christian Occident looks upon the matter. There are, however, other peoples and nations who can claim to have achieved not less a high culture, who look upon these matters with different eyes. I am not at all sure if the Japanese would compare the geisha to criminals.

[35] Here are some figures for amusement (taken from the "Sunday Times" of December 15, 1912).

Mortality.	L.	Ill.	Mortality.	L.	Ill.
Bristol	96	223	Islington	121	363
Bradford	119	245	Manchester	162	382
Cambridge	81	219	Poplar	121	281
Cardiff	124	329	Paddington	107	187
Croydon	93	172			

Let these figures speak for those who cannot speak for themselves.

Society has radically converted herself from those obsolete principles to more human conceptions of morality.

Thus we have found that wilful abortion is not immoral, or, at least, not always immoral, and, where it is found such, the blame for the immorality must be laid on Society and its Law. "In times to come, when mankind will have progressed further towards true morality, and, consequently, also towards humanity and true justice, men will find it incomprehensible that it was considered rightful to make help impossible to the needful and exasperated, and to abandon to misery the surely innocent fruit of their connection.[36]

Returning now to our starting point, and questioning the usefulness of the law, we must confess that it serves no useful purpose at all; it does not prevent wilful abortion, nor even reduce it; that it is positively harmful by causing material, bodily, and moral damage; *such a law is a crime and, therefore, immoral, a blot and disgrace to Society*. Ceterum censeo legem esse delendam. And the sooner the better. But, alas! England loves and cherishes her old traditions, for great is the Diana of the Anglicans![37]

THE JEST.

TO-DAY I raised strange creatures from the dust.
Shall I not let them tarry for a span?
Shall I not fill them with despair and lust,
And call this tribe of puny vermin Man?

See, I have shaped for them a watery globe
And set it whirling in a tiny nook,
And made it pretty with its starry robe,
Whereon these creatures' greedy eyes shall look.

See, I have filled it with delights and woes!
But in their eyes I laid a subtle spell,
And all this paltry rabble shall suppose,
That hell is set in heaven, and heaven in hell.

O, this shall be a goodly round of mirth
To watch the writhing antics of their life.
To watch them fighting for a patch of earth—
Their very love shall be but pangs and strife.

To watch them scamper after distant goals,
That I shall shift, and make them rage and wail,
I'll stir a foolish ferment in their souls,
And let it seethe and fume and then grow stale.

And some shall cozen them in parlous wise
Prating of how they saw me and were sent
To show my glory to their doubting eyes,
To write my message in a Testament.

Rare merriment to hear them talk of Me!
How they will jabber paltry lies, and fawn.
How they will dote upon a life to be—
And how their whimperings will make me yawn.

For they will seek to cleanse their sins with prayers,
Confessing of the evil they have done,
Craving for succour from the Tempter's snares—
They shall not know I'm God and Fiend in one.

But I shall choose a few, who now and then
Shall burst upon the wallowings of the rest
And goad to fury these vile spawn of men,
Stripping the vanity of every quest.

And when I have grown weary of the game
I'll toss this spinning ball (how they will shriek!)
And let it vanish in a spurt of flame,
A jest to chuckle over for a week.

P. SELVER.

[36] L., p. 78.

[37] The arguments against the law discussed above are by no means exhausted, and it would have been comparatively easier to say more and to paint with brighter colours than used here in order to show the bad effects of the law. But for the sake of length of this paper the writer has restricted himself to mere outline of his case. Anyhow, he hopes that the paper will be read and reflected upon. Then it will have served its purpose, and have been worth the trouble and ink.

The Eternal Feminine.

By Beatrice Hastings.

ONE dared not look at the sun, or even where it lay in a sky the colour of blue steel; yet out in the open road sat a baby with a little thin bonnet on, playing with the sand. And its hands, like sprays of desert flower, were dry and cool.

"Where is your mother, little one?"

"No-o-o," she said, on three distinct notes, and shook her frail head.

"Nice sand! Let's take some and show mother." So we put some carefully in the tin can, and joined hands, and went towards the pavement. The child was "well dressed" in an incompetent way, with its open-work bonnet, and short sleeves and ribands, and the most useless little pair of brown kid slippers, worn and buttonless.

"You carry the sand, and I'll carry you—Tottie!" She giggled or chuckled.

"Me—Tally!" I hesitated whether that was her name, or if she meant to say "carry."

"Tally what?"

"Mummy—baby—daddy—Thally!"

"Oh—Sally! Well, where is baby?"

"No-o-o——" But suddenly she pointed. It seemed safer, after all, to let her walk, on chance that she might take the right direction. She stepped delicately, and looked up every now and then from exquisite hazel eyes, and each time, as she looked, her fingers tightened in their hold. At a road quite near by she turned up confidently, and again into a passage where stood a Dutch-built house with an outside wooden staircase. She began to climb up, assisted by lifts from behind, at the which she shrieked delightedly. The staircase ended on a balcony with three doors, all shut. Arrived at the top stair, the baby called "Mummy!" and hurried to bang with the tin can on the first door. A tall woman came, without doubt the mother; not the eyes alone were the same, but here clearly was the source of that ineffable delicacy in the child, the fine breeding that toned its skin, the gentilesse, sympatica, all of humaneity, that distinguished the intelligent little being. Here was also something naturally not to be seen in the child: trouble! The glance was confiding, but not quick, like that of the adorable child. It lingered upon me.

She opened the door wide, saying, "Come in," and held it open. So we went in, the baby grasping her dress and babbling at a great rate about the sand. It was a cheap room, and, one knew instantly, the only one for all the family. On a moderately small bed lay an infant sleeping, and beside the bed was a box with a bottle of milk on it, and feeding things. Another box held an oil-stove and some bread and butter. The furniture was only the bed, two chairs, a washstand, and oilcloth. I took a chair. The room was hot, and, as the window curtain moved in the draught from the open door, great rays of sunshine blazed across the oilcloth and dazzled one's eyes. Almost before I could blink, the woman had drawn a blind. "That is better, eh?" That lingering look! If ever confidence can be at once bewildered, hopeless, resigned, and indestructible, this woman expressed in her manner what made such an impression. Her movements, slow, as a rule, and tender, were enchanting, almost exciting in their delicacy. She took the child on her knee, and brushed its hair, and retied some makeshift laces which I had not noticed had slipped right down into the shoe, or, perhaps, been pulled off and tucked there.

Sally talked, but the mother only looked in answer, and, reaching for the bread and butter, broke off little bits and fed the child carefully, brushing away a crumb from its chin as one might who was handling a priceless instrument. Then Sally slipped away, unhindered, and went out with the can of sand to the balcony. The woman stood as if dreaming, but, as I moved to rise and leave, she looked at me, as I thought, full of wish for me to stay, and herself sank again into her chair, her dress of washed and faded muslin falling in many folds.

I sat subdued and fascinated, realising quite well that I sat amidst tragedy, assuredly amidst woe of poverty on that burning, roaring, gold-smitten Rand, where the signs of the outsider are unmistakable; but beyond this plain pathos of destitution something worse, something calamitous breathed in that blank room. Trouble was in all its space. And suddenly one strange emptiness took name: there was no sign of a man—no man lived here!

The woman spoke as though this had been her own thought: "My husband is away."

"Will he be back soon?"

"Yes, soon. He's away two weeks now."

Her accent was the clipped accent of people of the land—colonial bred—but the sound of her voice was ample as all else about her. She dreamed, saying no more, and I sank along with her to a world of simple feeling where thought could shape no more than in waters and light. She had either put aside, or had rarely used, conventional manners, and mine, always negligible, failed away now as everyone's do in some hour or another: man finds man simple enough at times of threat and death. I sat with an embodiment of trouble, dumb, impotent, not understanding—and I think that my companion was equally perplexed and helplessly docile. We bore the hour together. So one would stay subdued out of oneself, with a stranger stricken by the sun, or with an unknown woman seized in labour, or with any wounded thing; so men stay where fate or panic has passed and left shame and hurt behind, and the sense of strangeness is illuminated, and each one acts for another as for himself.

Nothing was to be done or said—to remain was all desired. Presently I began to think again, or, at least, to feel towards thought. I felt the weight and rush of all the Rand, screaming and burthened with a double load of gold and unappeasable lust of gold, like a thirst-mad camel bearing water upon its back, whose tongue is wetted and no more; and it all weighed light against this quietly starving woman, in abandonment unchecked in her feminity, tractable, submissive, and persistent in living so long as life would hold together.

I made not then comparisons of her with others of her type—Helen and Andromache, women feeble, uncourageous, or with only one kind of courage, but endowed with very femality to persist by adaptation, and by the luck of the weak; unseeking, unresisting, such women pass from man to man and from good to evil times, adored by everyone for their constant grace and charm, and, above all, for a beauty of movement, kindling, but never satisfying, expectancy; they are as sweet as hope itself, and as unseizable as dew or bloom, and, themselves innocent, they may cause men to commit mad acts for them.

With such a being I was sitting in the gates of fate, sharing a shadow that was not mine, and lured to stay by no words, or even by great idea of aiding her, for I was a minor and dependent, but by all those sympathetic qualities which made her, though impotent, irresistible. The infant waked, and waked both of us. She picked it up lightly as a flower, and held it, quite still, while it rubbed its eyes and leaned half-laughing on her shoulder. Then I felt free to go. Awkwardly enough, I said, "I'm going to give Sally some money," and at this she almost laughed with glee, saying, "Thank you, oh, thank you very much!" So, probably, Helen took her pardon from Menelaus, and Andromache a new wifehood. At the time I was stupified to tears to see that a few shillings could relieve her so much. She wept when I wept, taking my hands and squeezing them and rubbing them as though I were the sufferer.

"Shall I come to-morrow?" I asked, and she replied, "Please!"

When I went next day she was gone. The landlord came up as I stood knocking at the door.

"You want Mrs. Theophilus?"

"Sally's mother?"

"She's gone. Someone fetched her. Her husband's in tronk (gaol), you know. I liked her, so I let her stay, but she owed me a lot of rent. It's paid now. Her husband stole some money—ten pounds. He got ill and lost his job, and then he took ten pounds. I don't care. I don't blame him. But he's doing two months now. I thought they'd have let him off. Do you know her?"

"Very little. I brought the baby home from the sun, and so I met her."

And then he burst forth: "I've never seen a woman I liked better than that!"

I expected a great deal more, but he fell suddenly inarticulate. "She's gone!" he finished, and touched his hat and turned away.

Letters from Italy.

I—En Route.

"'*Catulle frater,' if so I dare call you,*
I am horribly tired of the fog and the frost,
And the 'ultimate Britons'
Bore me to suicide."
From "Sententiæ Christianissimæ of Hieronymus Chrusarguropoulos of Halicarnassos."

AVE Roma Immortalis! "Hail, Muse, etcetera." If anyone wants a picturesque account of the monuments, art, scenery, and archæology of Italy, let him ply his Baedeker and his Addington Symonds. I will have none of the "picturesque," nor of the "vagabond"; I never have the "go-fever," and I drink beer only on rare and regrettable occasions—it gives me indigestion.

Notice that one has only to start on a voyage of some distance in a third-class English carriage to attract awe and interest. "Where are you going?" you say nonchalantly to the man opposite. "To Hastings, (or Brede, or Ashford)," says he. "An' where might you be goin'?" "Oh, to Rome!" you reply, with the air of one who says "to Shepherd's Bush"; and the whole compartment (always third, remember) stares at the notable before it.

I always find men one talks to for a few minutes or hours on a journey more pleasant than the usual crowd one meets. There is no time to take their virtues for granted. Before I got out of England I had appointed to dine with a jolly old barrister, who was amused because I wore a ragged velvet coat, and who thought I was "a happy-go-lucky sort of chap" because I guffawed at his japes. At Lewes I met another man, who wore tweeds and a slouch hat, had a profile like Louis Stevenson, and lived on 3s. a week. I liked him, in spite of his profile, his seriousness and his simplicity, He lent me a long poem he had written. Meliora speramus. "I once thought that yellow dog was a lion myself, Miss Browne."

"Horrible æquor ulti—mosque Britannos," says one of my very excellent friends. I have not yet reached the point of verifying a Channel experience, but I may say that I was even more pleased to leave the "horribile æquor" than the "ultimos Britannos."

On the way to Paris I alternately slept and discussed the poems of Mr. Tagore with a young Bengali friend of his. I think he was the pleasantest person I met. Odd that one feels such a toad beside these cultured Orientals.

Paris is always good; the smell of the "boulangeries," the rattle and clatter of the streets, real coffee for breakfast, put me in humour with all the world. I remembered delicate days; I "boulevarded" for an hour—though it was cold. I wrote incoherent verses in English and French over my coffee. "Et la vie passe," scribbled I, "Qu' importe? J'ai mes rêves"—and by the Lord, this coffee is good.

At the Gare de Lyon, waiting for the train to start for Dijon I made the following observation on human life:—

The affectionate farewell kisses
Of the fat French bourgeoisie
Are like the slapping wash from a motor-launch
On the hulls of the punts at Richmond.

"Sur le petit bateau-mouche"—could Laurent Tailhade or Martial do better?

There were two Frenchmen and a French maidservant in my carriage. I read for a couple of hours—then noticed the lady. "I wonder what Sterne would have done here?" I thought, "Or rather, what would he have said he did?"

"Mademoiselle," said I, in my vile French, "Vous me semblez un peu fatiguée." "Oui, Monsieur, un peu," said she, folding her eyelids and simpering, "an' it were a mare a-plucking of a thistle," as old Laneham says. "Allons, Mademoiselle," said I, gallantly, hauling a packet of chocolate from my pocket, "Voulez-vous du chocolat?"

"Ah, non, Monsieur, merci."

"Mais, je vous prie, Mademoiselle!"

"Merci, merci, Monsieur; non, vraiment!"

"Je serai désolé, si vous ne l'acceptez pas."—(I talk the worst French of anyone I know.)

"Eh bien, Monsieur, un petit peu, s'il vous plait!"

I was very glad when we got to Dijon. If anyone has ever tried to "make conversation" with an unintelligent, uneducated foreign girl he will sympathise. "My God," thought I, "I will never be polite again!" I versified this experience, but even THE NEW AGE could not print it.

Hours after this I got to Modane. It was freezing cold—notice I had come away to avoid the cold. The ground was covered with snow, and huge grey mountains stood all round, like dark clouds. The night was clear and moonless, the stars more glittering than I had ever seen. There was the usual row with the Customs officials, and the Italian peasants spat like automatic consumptives.

The word of God once came to me from Carcassone, saying, "Remember, my friend, that the human race is a very small one—there be divers imitations" I believe it. I am a friend of the people; I "hold enlightened views on the franchise"; I never speak of the οἱ πολλοι and seldom of the "aegrum vulgus"; I was once a socialist*—but I cannot wholly sympathise with a class whose members have such unpleasant habits.

"Si prega di non sputare," say the notices in the railway carriages, and no one observes them. You are told that it is decent not to spit out of respect to Iddio in a church in Firenze. Vicisti, Galilie!

About ten miles past the Mont Cenis tunnel I saw my first sunrise above the Alps—a contrast to the grotesque appearance of the sordid crowd in the long carriage.

Outside the sky before us was delicately tinged with lemon-yellow, faintest rose, and pale green; the clouds were long bands of stratus. It was beautiful as that sunset over ice by Aart van der Neer at Hertford House—I sometimes think I must have painted it myself. Slowly the extremest peaks of the mountains back of us reflected the same colours in paler tones; the white shining from the snow gleamed through the hazy window-panes. Within, Italian peasants, in their heavy fur coats, sprawled in sleep over the seats. Two were quarelling at the far end, and a priest opposite was reading his breviary. A cold, clean wind came through the window I had opened.

There was a grumble of unintelligible words at my side—a bearded Italian had been awakened by the fresh air. He was six feet high, and had a magnificent physique: with heroic gesture and eloquent but uncomprehended phrase he said many things of his weak lungs and of the danger of open windows. I shut the window with a crash, and he spat his thanks on the carriage floor. All the panes were so hazy that I could see nothing outside. "God damn these rotten Italians!" said I, half aloud; but no one answered—they were all asleep, even the priest.

Roma, 8-1-13 RICHARD ALDINGTON.

* Author's note. Since writing this I have become an anarchist.

Views and Reviews.

I NOTICED last week that a contemporary was acquainted with public affairs: circumstances forced it upon my notice, and the effort required to comprehend the fact has not been wasted. The effects of that irruption into consciousness have persisted, the sense of awareness has been stimulated; and I have noticed a similar phenomenon in other unexpected places. Perhaps I should amplify a statement in my last article: one newspaper I have read regularly since its first number, but I avoid its leading articles. I shall not mention its name, because it receives enough unsolicited testimonials to its superiority over all merely capitalistic daily papers; and there is no need for me to join the howling chorus. There can be no doubt that this paper is also acquainted with public affairs, for it refers to an article in "Everyman" by Mr. H. G. Wells the day after its publication. This is enterprise of a kind unequalled by the merely capitalistic Press, which usually refers to things before the event; and being thus informed of another activity of Mr. Wells, I read the current number of "Everyman."

What particularly influenced me was the statement in my daily paper that Mr. Wells' "evolution as a social reformer is one of the interesting asides to the movement itself." I confess that the remark pleased me, for it does not coincide with Mr. Wells' opinion; did not he announce on a previous occasion his unsuspected entry into "our class"? If he admitted that he had any relation to the Labour movement, he would only confess, in his own artless fashion, that he was the soul, the brains, the driving power of that movement. Deus ex machina would be the only office comparable with his dignity; and if, as Carlyle declared, history is the biography of great men, the evolution of Mr. Wells is the evolution of the Labour movement. No lesser attribution, I am sure, would compensate a supreme literary artist like Mr. Wells (as everyone now calls him) for his incomparable contributions to the discussion of social affairs.

Zeal outruns discretion: I was referring to the fact that my pet daily paper is acquainted with public affairs. It headed its quotations from the article by Mr. Wells with the line: "Latest Theory of Social Advance." Whether this meant that Mr. Wells had stated his latest theory, or the latest theory, of social advance, was not explained; but I incline to think that it meant that Mr. Wells had stated his latest theory, for my daily paper confesses to being the most advanced, the ne plus ultra, the Ultimate Thule, the Last Chord, the Finis, of all papers. But I have my doubts about the accuracy of that headline. Those readers of THE NEW AGE who want a new sensation in every number now read "The ——," my daily paper; those who remain may have memories that extend beyond the last issue. They will remember that Mr. Wells engaged in a controversy in the "Daily Mail" concerning "What the Workers Want," and that he edited (at least, so the preface said) a series of essays entitled: "The Great State." They will remember that even THE NEW AGE flattered Mr. Wells by reviews of both his contributions to social problems, that THE NEW AGE was really generous in the matter of reviews without provoking any sign of displeasure from Mr. Wells. The readers of THE NEW AGE are thus already acquainted with Mr. Wells' "Latest Theory of Social Advance," and "Everyman" and my daily paper are

really somewhat belated in their publication of this important decretal. It is, of course, a little unfortunate that Mr. Wells' pondering our problems for about twelve months has added nothing to his original conclusions. It may be that he has the insight of genius, and can see at one glance the cause and cure of social problems. But there are people who are capable of asserting that Mr. Wells proves his entry into "our class" by adopting a Bourbon trait as his own, that he learns nothing and forgets nothing. An analogy from literary sources would probably be more appropriate, as his article appeared in "Everyman"; and these unkind people will probably say of Mr. Wells, as Professor Dowden said of Shelley's father, that he was precluded from all possibility of outraging the social conventions by a happy inaccessibility to ideas. Unkind people, I repeat, might say this—but I shall not; for I notice that Mr. Wells has reduced my daily paper to a state of "amazement that competes with disappointment," and that is an outrage to at least one social convention.

This fact means that either Mr. Wells is not inaccessible to ideas or that my daily paper is; probably both alternatives are true. For proportional representation is an idea, and nothing else; and my daily paper is undoubtedly protected against it, for it declares, commenting on Mr. Wells' statement that the professional politician must be abolished by proportional representation, that "whatever may be the merits of any electoral reform, we hardly expected to find them placed so high as that." Even the grammar staggers in this state of amazement; but there is no doubt that my paper is inaccessible to ideas. Readers of THE NEW AGE will not have forgotten how tenderly and patiently it was urged that proportional representation was not an electoral reform, but a reform of the representative system. The idea was that it would abolish secret party funds, professional politicians, corruption of the electorate, stupid as well as plural voting, unemployment, the drink traffic, the white slave traffic, and, lastly, if the electors so desired, England itself.

That, I say, was the idea, and it is still the idea; for Mr. Wells declares that "my belief in proportional representation as a means of recovering our social controls from the specialised politician, and reanimating every aspect of our intellectual activities with the sense of collective significance, is profound. There is a limit to the devotion of the artist or the intellectual worker. Our art is trivial where it is not feeble, our science is taught without spirit, and falls more and more into the hands of spiritless and inferior men, our literature splutters with protest or declines towards preciousness, because our political machinery is indifferent to and contemptuous of all these finer things in life." And my daily paper is not only amazed, but is disappointed. Surely this statement of Mr. Wells' credo was worth the penny.

I cannot resist the temptation to congratulate "Everyman" on its publication of Mr. Wells' "latest theory of social advance." There is another article in the same number that is equally appropriate to the present moment. Charles Sarolea publicly reproves George Bernard Shaw for having supported a copyright law passed by our Government in the year 1911. THE NEW AGE has been so often attacked for its criticism of our contemporary Great Men that I read this article carefully to see what sort of criticism is permissible. Mr. Sarolea pays tribute to the astounding genius of George B. Shaw, calls him "The Superman of Socialism," wipes aside in a few complimentary phrases the suggestion that Mr. Shaw's motives were those of self-interest, and then politely calls him a fool. "It is obvious that you have simply been hoodwinked by a conspiracy of vested interests, and that, like the merest Philistine, you have been the victim of your own ignorance," says Mr. Sarolea. I hope that Mr. Sarolea's style is more acceptable than ours, but THE NEW AGE will continue to dispense with the preliminary compliments.

A. E. R.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

WE are still in the doldrums, for Jerome Klapka Jerome, who once wrote a pleasing satire of the emancipated woman, is a member of the Fabian Society. In "Miss Hobbs" we were told that "some women are meant to be mothers, they are fit for nothing better." "Esther Castways" provides us with proof that some men are meant to be husbands, they are fit for nothing better. It is certain that Philip Castways would never emancipate the children workers of the mills; although he might live happily with his wife ever after his return to the marital embrace. But the play is so half-hearted that it is impossible to speak decisively about it: it might have been a satire, but, unfortunately, Mr. Jerome is a convert to feminism; it might have been a comedy, but Mr. Jerome evidently believes in political action; it might have been a tragedy, but a happy ending had to be reached somehow, and "Esther Castways," wishing to forgive, forgot all her dramatic reminiscences. Indeed, shorn of its sociological importations, "Esther Castways" is only a cup and saucer comedy; including them, it is——well, it is played by Miss Marie Tempest.

The same indecision clings to the characterisation. Esther Castways, it must be understood, is not supposed to be Miss Marie Tempest; she is really, but that is not in the game. Esther Castways was of humble origin, was born somewhere in the Western States of America, was loved by a lawyer who loved the children, was married, was introduced into polite society, was ——but what matter what she was? What I want to say is this: When Miss Marie Tempest wishes to be comical, she makes mistakes in grammar. So does Esther Castways. The play is not a compound, it is a mixture of passages of drama and comedy. In the comedy passages, Miss Marie Castways makes mistakes in grammar; in the dramatic passages, Miss Esther Tempest speaks like a lady. It is quite obvious that, from the artistic point of view, the mood provoked by the character is not sustained; and as the same method is adopted with other characters, the play is a failure. Jocelyn Penbury, for example, and John Farrington, are both of them indistinguishable from the ordinary drawing-room loungers; but both of them are provided with strangely incongruous passages of rhetoric delivered vibrato, appass., sostenuto, fortissimo, and Mr. Jerome does not intend that we shall laugh at them.

I have hinted at the dramatic reminiscences. "The New Machiavelli" was not a play, although it was not a novel; what it was, God knoweth. But its main idea was that of "Antony and Cleopatra," that the world, meaning by that, polite society, was well lost for love. "The New Machiavelli" threw up his political career (according to Mr. Wells, and it is not my business to contradict him) to go and live with his "jolly mistress" (once again, it is not my business to contradict Mr. Wells). Philip Castways returns to his wife, and we are asked to believe that his political career is safe. This is as conventional a conclusion as the other, but it serves to show that Mr. Jerome is no slavish imitator. But the character of Esther Castways, like that of Shaw's Candida, is only a mass of assumptions; and I am not sure that Mr. Jerome can claim any real originality in this case. For Candida, it will be remembered, not only performed that part of the marriage contract that is emphasised in the opening paragraphs of the marriage service, but she cooked, washed and mended for her hero-baby, read his correspondence,

received his visitors, wrote his sermons, spent his money, and made love to his friends. She was, as the phrase goes, head cook and bottle-washer of that establishment; and James Mavor Morell probably prayed: "O Candida, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed," etc. Until a few months before the play begins, Esther Castways had done likewise; and her husband increased in wisdom and prestige, and in favour with the electorate and the upper classes. For once, reminiscences are not interesting; and I do not want to talk about "The Gay Lord Quex," although the third act is obviously indebted to it.

Mr. Jerome is as incapable of supplying motives to his characters as any "advanced" dramatist, and he makes the usual mistake of supposing that reasons are an effective substitute. We are asked to believe that for ten years Philip Castways had lived a happy married life, had increased his legal practice and raised his social status, and faced battle, murder, and sudden death, that he had suffered all these things because he wished to abolish child-labour in the mills. At the end of the play, we are told that it was only because he loved her so; that there were half a dozen other causes that had offered equal opportunities to an ambitious politician, but he chose the one that offered him the wife to whom he had been unfaithful, for which he was very sorry. "You are my soul, you are the children's cause. Without you to inspire me I can never liberate them"; something like that was what Philip declared in a hoarse voice. This is all very reasonable, superficially, but it is not an adequate motive for the restitution of conjugal righs. For if Esther Castways were half as knowing as she thought she was, if she understood her husband half as well as she thought she did, she would know that the children were not to be saved from their slavery by her husband's speeches, or by her own admission to the charmed circle of the Jackson-Tilletts.

The introduction of this sociological question is a tacit admission by Mr. Jerome that adultery alone is not a sufficient subject for a play; in other words, that Mr. Jerome is incapable of dealing with the passions of men. But he is no less incapable of dealing with the ideas of men. "The children, you must not forget the children," says Miss Esther Tempest about once every half hour; and she has a little flutter about conditions of labour in the third act. In this instance, the case of the children is cited to prove to the mistress how incapable she is of inspiring the husband-lover in his life-work. Reuben Pierce, a most ridiculous figure of a Puritan, comes spouting about adultery and the Lord's work; and is induced to forgo the pleasure of casting out the "sinner" from the movement by the discovery that his motive is really jealousy. All his care for the Lord's work was prompted by the Devil; his zeal for manumission had its source in his adulterous desire for Esther Castways. John Farrington, who is a shareholder in the mills, resorts to theft, to attempted murder, to circulating scandal, and finally plays the villain's part in the bedroom scene, all to prevent Philip Castways from liberating the children; and, at the last moment, is converted to the cause by admiration of Esther Castways. What the cause is, I am still ignorant; and I suppose that a mere member of the audience is not allowed to love Esther Castways. Anyhow, I am not converted.

It ought to be clear that "Esther Castways" bears only a superficial resemblance to drama. Nothing really happens but tea and talk, and I suppose that at least half of the conversation is of no importance, for the actors kindly made their voices inaudible during what we may call the "orthodox play" parts, and spoke up only when "the children" were mentioned. It only remains to be said that Esther Castways is still inspiring her husband, that they have determined "to try again", and if the influence can only be extended to the author, we may yet have a drama from Jerome K. Jerome.

Art.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

The Modern Society of Portrait Painters at the Royal Institute.

If all the artist painters were able to exercise their taste and powers of selection among a population of forty millions and to paint only those people towards whom they felt themselves irresistibly drawn, surely nothing could be more thoroughly absorbing and educating than an exhibition of portraits. We should then have a periodical and authoritative statement from the men of taste in the country, in answer to the burning question which all of us are constantly and unconsciously putting to ourselves—Who are the best people? And we should find these best people advocated with a rhetoric so convincing and seductive that a criterion would gradually be formed in our minds by means of which our whole circle of friends and acquaintances, our heroes and our bêtes noires, could be placed, promoted, or dropped.

As things are at present, however, the portrait exhibition is a sheer farce. Walls are covered with portraits to which, with the utmost stretch of our indulgence, we cannot ascribe more than a local, parochial, or purely family interest; and, even so, their execution is frequently so bad that this very limited interest itself may feel that it is but indifferently gratified. A beautiful woman, a fine man, is everybody's concern. A beautiful Englishman or Englishwoman makes not only a national but also an international claim upon people's attention. But who on earth wants to know, or even to glance at the host of ugly and sometimes repulsive nonentities that disfigure the rooms of the average picture gallery during a portrait exhibition? Why do not these people understand that although the painters themselves may have a very strong commercial reason for flaunting the faces of their sitters before the docile public, nothing on earth justifies the sitters themselves in allowing their perfectly ordinary and often subordinary personalities to be exhibited in this conspicuous and blatant manner! It is utterly indecent. It strikes one at the Academy, it strikes one at the Exhibitions of the International Society, and it strikes one at the Royal Institute. There is no excuse for it.

"Home, sweet home—there's no place like home!" The admirable sentiment of this simple little English ditty cannot be dinned into the ears of these people too often. There is no place like home for the average portrait, and, if the subject of it is not exceptionally beautiful, the moment it leaves the family circle to take its place in a public exhibition, it becomes a piece of intolerable impudence, provoking—nay, demanding and deserving—harsh treatment.

It matters not a scrap whether one has ever met or heard of any of the people I am about to mention; but let me simply ask, who wants to see an attempt at converting Dr. J. R. Ronaldson (No. 2) into a chromo-photographic work of art by Mr. Martine Ronaldson? Who is interested in a picture of Col. Sam. Lynes (No. 16) imprisoned in an absurd collar? Who has any concern with that unfortunately ugly little girl (No. 19), painted by Alexander Jamieson?—or with Lieutenant-Colonel Sir James R. Dunlop Smith, K.C.S.I. (No. 22)? And the list is interminable; it includes Colonel C. M. Marshall (No. 28), Lieut.-Col. Roger Courtenay Boyle (No. 29), His Excellency Major-General Sir Alexander Rochfort (No. 27), Sir Murland Evans, Bt. (No. 34), Major J. A. Houison Craufurd (No. 40), Miss Gordon (No. 39), Miss Joan Abbey (No. 51—insignificant is scarcely the word for this one), Captain George Richard Bethell (No. 53), Walter Wilthew (No. 58), The Dwarf (No. 61), Miss Dorothy Fletcher (No. 65—leather!), The Countess Poulett (No. 66—words fail me!), William Ablett's Family Group (No. 67—Now, here the very title ought to have suggested Home, Sweet Home!) Mrs. Hubert Bainton (No. 75), Keith Baynes, Esq. (No. 74), and Mrs. Frances Forester (No. 80).

Even if these people had been painted in a masterly manner, it seems as if their public exhibition could not possibly be justified. But the actual workmanship of

these portraits I have mentioned is, generally speaking, exceedingly poor, so that they become even more irrelevant. Maybe, in a number of cases, public services are a justification for immortality; but there are surely other ways of granting this great privilege besides a pictorial appeal to the eye. For where the respective magnitude of these public services is out of all proportion to the beauty and dignity of him or her who has performed them, it might even be maintained that a faithful portrait is a most dangerous betrayal, seeing that, to those moderns who believe most profoundly in the interdependence of body and spirit it can but reflect discredit (after the fact) upon the public services in question.

And, now, looking around for those people, who whatever their public services may or may not be, certainly deserve at least to be looked at; how many do we find in all? Just two over the half-dozen: A Portrait, by George Bell (No. 5), Nona, daughter of F. E. Dixon, Esq. (No. 13), by George W. Lambert; Mlle. Nathalie Thibault (No. 26), by Guy Wilthew; Mrs. Fleischmann and Rosemary (No. 41), by Gerald Festus Kelly; Mrs. W. S. Cohen (No. 50), by L. D. Luard; The Hon. Mrs. Davey (No. 54), by T. Martine Ronaldson; Eustace Marriott, Esq. (No. 56), by F. C. Mulock, and a portrait of a Lady (No. 71), by William Ablett.

And of these eight portraits only two—Nos. 13 and 56—can with any approach to justice be regarded as masterly in treatment. So that out of the two rooms containing eighty-three important exhibits, we are reduced to two pictures, which, as portraits, in subject and in manner, can be said to be justified in the conspicuous claim they make upon the attention of the public! If this sounds an exaggerated or unduly adverse criticism, just take this paper in your hand and walk round the galleries to see things for yourself.

In conclusion, there are a few things to be said about one or two pictures that are particularly good, or particularly promising. Mr. Oswold Birley shows tremendous dexterity and command of his medium in No. 8; but what a pity it is that he concentrates all the mysterious interest of his picture upon mantelpiece knick-knacks! In doing this he ranges himself straight away among the moderns with their sterile negativism towards humanity, and his ability is worthy of better company. Let him drop his palette for awhile, and make sure of the thing he loves before he again tackles a canvas of that size. It is not unusual nowadays for the best men to start in life without precisely knowing what they are after, or what is their actual mission. Mr. Ronald Grey is conscientious. His transcriptive faculty is phenomenal—almost Dutch, or "double" so! He has not learned freedom yet, and so long as technical mastery is not acquired, it is perfectly right for a man to be slavishly precise. He cannot be anything else; unless, with the Futurists, he wishes to conceal his incompetence beneath a bushel. No. 21 has, therefore, many excellent points. But Mr. Ronald Grey very likely does not require to be told that he is not "out of the wood" yet—he probably knows it perfectly well.

There is a tacit understanding in the air at the Royal Institute, and that is that Mr. George Lambert's "The Actress" (No. 10), is the "clou de l'exposition." It is certainly very large and very dazzling; and, it must be admitted, exceedingly attractive in more than one particular. It may have been thought out with much labour, it may even have been altered again and again; but it bears the stamp of a hearty, enthusiastic conception. It is a pity she—the actress—is not more beautiful; for, as she is turning her back, one looks with hope to the mirror which is so skilfully and tastefully suspended in mid-air above her; but all one sees is the usual modern face, possessing, as is the fashion, more so-called "character" than beauty. The whole thing is very pleasing; but I submit respectfully to Mr. Lambert that he would have been fully justified in treating the figure of the actress more luminously. There will come a time when she will be black against the shimmering sky; she is already disproportionately dark and suggestive of studio lighting. This is by far the ablest thing I have seen of Mr. Lambert's.

Pastiche.

WHAT WILL SHE MAKE OF LONDON TOWN?

Schooled in world of simple snobs;
  Guarded close from that half-brute, Man;
Catching nought of the myriad sobs
  That have shaken old Earth since Time began.
Drinking in from a curate pale
  Milky maxims of Love and God:—
("The World and the Flesh shall not prevail,
  Tread ye the path the Master trod.")
Now she is fallen 'neath Fortune's frown,
  What will she make of London Town?

What are the paths that she may choose,
  Now that Necessity points the way?
Commerce is harsh and exacts her dues,
  But pretty shop-girls are known to pay,
And Somebody's Stores may swallow her up.
  Regular work and wages then!
And a taste of honest Labour's cup,
  And they're genial fellows, commercial men!
Though their jokes, may be, would make curates frown.
  What shall she do in London Town?

Typing perhaps? Or, better still,
  Militant women may lend her aid,
Join her voice to their accents shrill,
  And give her a banner on parade.
Yet "the Cause" exists, so I've heard tell,
  On Rent and Interest—'tis these, they say,
That keep our clamouring serfs in hell,
  And that painted army that day by day
And night by night goes loitering down
  A hundred highways of London Town.

She must marry, 'tis plain to see!
  Men won't marry now? Flog the brutes!
Strike any part of the withered tree
  Of our civilisation, save the roots!
Men can't marry on what they earn?
  Never heed do our rulers pay;
Ne'er a lesson, methinks, they'll learn
  Till on some future, fateful day,
With blood and tears comes crushing down
  The crazy fabric of London Town.

STEVENSON PARKER.

THE VICIOUS CIRCLE (SOMEWHAT IN THE MANNER OF SCHNITZLER'S "REIGEN.")

January.—Dabbleby Swink publishes "Piffle and Doggerel," his new volume of poems.

"The most significant volume of poems since Beowulf."—"Times."

February.—Pickleton Fibbs publishes "Dabbleby Swink; a critical appreciation."

"A masterly piece of work; brimful of arresting aperçus."—"Daily Chronicle."

March.—Clarence Porklebury publishes "Pickleton Fibbs; the man and his work."

"Betrays the hand of a master. Nothing like this has appeared since Boswell's Johnson."—"Everyman."

April.—Barrell Ginnis publishes "An Ode on the 23rd Birthday of Clarence Porklebury."

"The stuff of which poetry is made. A miracle of delicate phrasing and nimble word-plastic."—"T.P.'s Weekly."

May.—Mutting Byles publishes "Barrell Ginnis; being a study in recent English poetry."

"A subtle blend of the style of Pater, Sir Thomas Browne, and Carlyle, and yet elusively unique. Assuredly a book to be read."—"Evening News."

June.—Blair Hillock publishes "The Private Life of Mutting Byles."

"Daring and yet reticent. Shows an amazing grasp of a strange and perplexing temperament."—"Spectator."

July.—Hogley Pesterman publishes "Blair Hillock, a phantasy."

"It combines the finesse of Stevenson with the lyrical rapture of Swinburne. Brilliant. . . . unmistakable . . . delicate . . grandiose."—"Saturday Review."

August.—Oatslee Snark publishes "The Art of Hogley Pesterman."

"A superb piece of word-painting. Faultless technique combined with dazzling virtuosity."—"Rhythm."

September.—Newington Butts publishes "Oatslee Snark; the man, his life, his message, his personality." (2 vols.)

"A well-sustained and evenly-balanced production. The illustrations are a feast of good things."—"Athenæum."

October.—Limehouse Carwin publishes "Newington Butts. An interlude, a morality and three visions."

"An incisive piece of impressionist criticism. Novel and enthralling."—"English Review."

November.—Pangleton Waggs publishes "Mr. Limehouse Carwin and the young Birmingham school." An essay in contemporary art forces.

"A literary document of widely ramified interests. The binding and general get up are superb."—"Daily Mail."

December.—Dabbleby Swink publishes "Twenty-five Sonnets to Pangleton Waggs."

"The finest collection of sonnets since Shakespeare. Mr. Swink possesses a rare gift of lyrical expression and a unique command of melody."—"Times."

[And so on ad infinitum.]

P. SELVER.

TO CERTAIN VERY WORTHY PEOPLE.

Oh! your curriculum is brave:
Brave with the foibles of your school!
With Mudfield, bigger fool than knave:
And Mudcan, bigger knave than fool;
While Bernard Shaw continues still
To please the youth of Denmark Hill.

Oh! sippers at suburban Wells,
I feel that you have rarely missed,
Through strange laboratory smells,
Your sleek and sloppy realist:
In pseudo-scientific cant,
As ignorant as arrogant!

Can Bennett at his potter's wheel,
With tedious scroll on tiresome clay,
By such mechanic work reveal
The magic of an elder day?
Where is the poet who shall scan
Heaven, and all the heart of man?

The antique singers who so sang
That all the world stayed still to hear,
Are slighted for the graceless gang
Of publicist and pamphleteer:
Who, with preliminary toot,
Descant on pimp and prostitute!

Who seize upon the passing phase
To win the plaudits of the crowd—
To shout the latest paper phrase,
And, by the Lord, to shout it loud! . . .
A middle-class account of Hell
(If dull enough) is sure to sell.

NORMAN DAVEY.

RAVING OF AN IMMATURE SCIENCE STUDENT.

Science conduces to painful clarity of thought-expression and to a profound but unjustifiable contempt for things not seen. That is why I venture to suggest in all seriousness that in a million years the human race will be extinct. Whole groups of organisms in past geological ages have increased, multiplied, and replenished the earth, then they have disappeared for no apparent reason.

The dinosaurs died out because their brains were too small for their bodies. The Genus Homo will disappear: no vestige will be left for the Insect with the Transcendental Mind and Brain that will follow. The driving force which causes a group of species to evolve seems to be a fixed quantity which, when exhausted, causes the group to vanish. The beginnings are hesitating and experimental. Behold the Trilobite unfurl itself through Cambrian, Ordovician, and Silurian strata, in increasing complexity and wondrous convolutions: permutations and combinations of resource-factors: seemingly no end.

Then comes the tragic end. Wild bursts of energy from the Trilobite: strange freaks in shape, size, and ornamentation—then blankness draws nearer. The struggles grow feebler: a few Trilobites of outrageous appearance linger on into the Carboniferous period—all that remain of the wondrous gamut of heretofore.

There is no hope for the human race; as sure as the Angiosperm has ousted the Gymnosperm from supremacy in the vegetable world, and the Dandelion is monarch of all it surveys, so will the Insect with the Transcendental Mind and Brain look bewildered upon the freakish, spontaneous variations of Force-bereft Humanity.

S. CROSS HARLAND.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE PARADOX OF FREEDOM.

Sir,—In a recent issue of your paper Mr. Nevill Eliot accuses me of inconsistency because I have sometimes represented the United States as the land of freedom, and at other times as a pandemonium of police coercion and governmental tyranny. Both descriptions were perfectly true. The United States is the freest country in the world, and it is also the least free. If this seems paradoxical to Mr. Eliot, I will give him a familiar illustration. England is the most anti-suffragist country in the world. In no other country has there been so vigorous a campaign against woman suffrage. In no other country do men kick suffragists and tear their hair out. Yet England has the most vigorous suffrage movement in the world. The suffragists are the cause of the anti-suffragists.

In the United States the spirit of freedom and the spirit of repression are both carried to their utmost limit. Take, for instance, the question of free speeeh. On one side you have the Free Speech League, which stands for the absolute right of every person to say or print anything whatsoever. It is supported not only by authors and doctors, but even to a large extent by lawyers and public officials. Its vice-president is, or lately was, mayor of one of the largest cities in the country. On the other hand, you have the most appalling outrages on free speech occurring every day. Indoor Socialistic meetings are dissolved by the police before a word has been uttered. A few years ago a New York journalist severely criticised the Government of Mexico. He was imprisoned for a year for the crime of ridiculing a foreign Government. A number of anti-clerical cartoons were imported from Italy. When they appeared in the window of a New York bookseller the police seized and destroyed them. The bookseller prosecuted the police, who admitted that what they had done was absolutely illegal, but maintained that it was in the public interest. The magistrate agreed with them. About a year ago some men and women were fined or imprisoned in the State of Washington for insisting on bathing nude. The editor of a newspaper advised them to defy the law and go on bathing. He was immediately prosecuted for sedition, and fined or imprisoned—I forget which.

These are merely a few incidents out of thousands. It would be easy to fill an issue of THE NEW AGE with brief reports of the outrages on free speech which occur in the United States in one year.

Such violent contradictions have often before occurred in history. While Voltaire and the Encyclopædists were carrying on their mighty campaign of free thought, and all the drawing-rooms of Paris were turned into secularist societies and humanitarian leagues, men were every week being cast into the Bastille, without any charge or any trial, to rot there for life. Such facts are appalling, but not discouraging. The Bastille survived Voltaire only eleven years. I believe that "the bludgeoning of the people by the people for the people" is nearer its end in America than anywhere else.

R. B. KERR.

British Columbia.

* * *

L'ACTION FRANCAISE.

Sir,—Mr. Depoulain has excelled his friend the "Rev. Syd Smith" with whose methods he seems more familiar than I ever hope to be. The latter reviewed books before reading them, whereas your correspondent misreads his own and my statements before replying to them. He first of all accused THE NEW AGE of being "late" in its views concerning L'Action Française, and queried the accuracy of the word "recent" as applied to certain works published within the last five years. Now that I have proved him wrong on this point, he denies that he ever made it, yet his own words were, referring to the age of the books in question, "this partly accounts for the primitiveness of your appreciations"! With delightful ingenuousness he proceeds to prove that "Kiel et Tanger" was published *more recently* than he originally stated! Does Mr. Depoulain imagine when he has disproved his own statements that he has convicted THE NEW AGE of inaccuracy? When he writes: "We aim at reminding the Protestants that they are French people" he is clearly addressing Protestants *as a body*. Challenged as to this, your correspondent quibbles, as usual, and explains that he meant "a great number." Surely there is also "a great number" of Catholics who require to be reminded similarly? Hence, I conclude that Mr. Depoulain is imbued with the same narrow prejudices as the anti-Huguenot journalists of L'Action Française. These people naturally object to

French Protestants, who have always stood for industry and progressive ideas against the clerical obscurantism of Chauvinistic royalist reactionaries. The Huguenots rightly hesitate to share Mr. Depoulain's illusion; they know what the restoration of the Monarchy means. They have not forgotten that the century which saw the apotheosis of the monarchical régime also witnessed the infamous persecution and expulsion of the Protestants. The policy of Louis XIV., the weak tool of Bossuet's ecclesiastical venom, deprived France of the most prosperous and enlightened of her citizens, who fled, carrying their skill and industry into countries which knew how to value good citizens. So much for the clerical-monarchical "patriotism" which L'Action Française vaunts as superior to democracy and republicanism!

Having answered my previous criticism with blank denials, Mr. Depoulain imagines that he may now refer to the latter as irrefutable facts. I have shown by quotation that clericalism, militarism, anti-semitism, and crude abuse are the most prominent features of the neo-royalist propaganda. Your correspondent has failed to prove the contrary, yet he talks of having "already done justice" to these assertions, and refuses to "reconsider" them. "We carefully distinguish religious questions and ethnical problems," he writes. So far is this from the truth that it would be more accurate to say "we carefully confound religious questions and ethnical problems with political discussion." Otherwise, why are Jew and Protestant always dragged into all criticism in L'Action Française, however remote they may be from the subject? These anti-semitic followers of a Jewish religion have a pretty scorn for logic and intellectual honesty; they prefer quibbling about words, as in their famous interpretation of Article 445 of the Code. Thus Mr. Depoulain denies that he confuses the private and public life of M. Briand, yet he justified the epithet "l'horrible souteneur" on the grounds that "the scandals of M. Briand's private life" were well known. Evidently he and his friends are amongst the short-sighted people to whom he now attributes this view. I do not doubt that Lemaître, Lassevre, and Maurus are superior to the rabble which has gathered about them. As literary critics they have acquired a reputation which even the filthy language of "L'Action Française" cannot besmirch. They must feel honoured by their association with the hooligan journalism of a Léon Daudet! To those interested in foulness of mind and speech the latter may be recommended. His witticisms (sic) are usually based upon the cruder facts of physiology. They are nastily Rabelaisian, for they have none of Rabelais' great good humour and overflowing vitality, although he recently explained that a couple of hours in the wonderful atmosphere of his "king" "trebled his vital energy"! In his more sentimental moments, when his imagination plays about the person of the Duke of Orleans, instead of the inevitable "German Jew spies," M. Daudet provides ample matter for your column of Current Cant. He writes in ecstatic strains of the Duke's "beautiful hand," "his voice with grave, sweet notes," and draws a touching picture of the gentleman languishing in "impious exile," anxious to "resume his job"! In conclusion I should like to quote some passages from a recent number of "L'Action Française." On New Year's Day the following gifts were distributed: To M. Fallières, "un vaste pot de chambre de douze sous, qui s'emplacera avantageusement son fauteil percé de douze cent mille francs." To M. Doumic, "un bâton d'encaustique pour les W. C. du trahissoir." To M. Clemenceau, "La prostate de Cornélius Herz, remise en état."

These quotations are typical of the habitual level of the journalism which I have too moderately described as Billingsgate. Add to this Mr. Daudet's references to unwashed feet, venereal diseases, and the later stages of the digestive process, and you will have an idea of the "felicitous invective" which Mr. Depoulain admires.

ERNEST A. BOYD.

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THE WHITE SLAVE ACT.

Sir.—I should like to thank Mrs. Hastings for her excellent reply to Mrs. G. Bax's letter on the White Slave Traffic in THE NEW AGE of December 12th. Mrs. Macmillan and Mrs. Bax do not appear to understand that Mrs. Hastings is not contending that white slavery is right, but that the method of proposed reform is entirely wrong. Would that we had more women like Mrs. Hastings, who uses common sense to reason a thing out, instead of sentiment. As Mrs. Hastings reminds us, there are many reforms that women could, and ought to, attend to (women wage slaves know it only too well, and many are aware that the capitalist needs reforming first); but, as she also points out, the Suffragist women are not concerned with work of this kind. Indeed, one has only to move in their circle a little while to prove that it is simply "the vote" and "to be equal to men" that interests them.

Unlike Mrs. Macmillan, THE NEW AGE by its searching and truthful criticism of the women's movement some little time ago, has convinced me that its attitude is justified.

Buenos Aires. NANCY NEALE.

* * *

Sir,—In your last issue Mrs. Hastings states, "Not a soul now doubts that women egged on this flogging business—for men only." I should regard it as a courtesy if the writer will give the proofs upon which this assertion is, doubtless, based. ALISON NEILANS.

[Mrs. Hastings replies: Two men met in Sauchiehall Street. One said: "Mon! there was fifty thorsan pipple at the fitba' to-day." "Way wi ye!" the other replied. "There was! A'll bet ye a quid." "Aricht, a'll take ye—noo ye maun prove it." "Ach, a'll bring ye the newspaper wi' the figures." "Figures! Hoots, you bring me *the pipple*!"]

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STATESMANSHIP BY STRIKE.

Sir,—I must apologise to "Another Guy's Man" for having misread his first letter; but I must still maintain that he failed to take into account the total effect of the economic transfer of wealth from its present legal owners to the present wage-slaves. He maintains now that increased taxes on the rich would be met out of their present luxurious expenditure, and not out of their present savings. In consequence, he argues, the capital of the country would not be diminished, though the poor would have more to spend on necessities and the rich less on luxuries. But the most that can be said is that the effect of high taxes would be equal on luxuries and savings alike; in other words, savings would suffer equally with spendings. The reason for this is that among the motives for saving is the power of luxurious spending, and if this motive be diminished the motive to saving is correspondingly reduced.

"P. IN P.E."

* * *

MR. HYNDMAN AND SOCIALIST UNITY.

Sir,—I can confirm Mr. Hyndman's letter in your issue of the 30th ult., as to his own action. At all the attempts to combine the Socialist societies into one body Mr. Hyndman always hoped against hope and held on to the last. I believe I was always the first to break away. Indeed, on the last occasion I was requested to withdraw, as an intolerable obstacle to fraternity; and the Fabian Society accordingly, on my own motion, substituted another delegate. Mr. Sidney Webb never, as far as I can remember, sat on any of the joint committees which attempted the task of unification.

There was a brief period when William Morris believed that union was being frustrated by my perverse pugnacity. Mr. Keir Hardie held that view so strongly—also for a short time—that the alleged obstacle was removed in the way just described. But the joint committees broke up all the faster for my absence. The real difficulty was that we didn't and wouldn't agree; and as I knew this before anybody else did, and made no attempt to conceal my knowledge or to smooth the way to a place none of us had the slightest intention of reaching, I, poor innocent lamb, was blamed. Even if we had agreed, it would still, in my opinion, have hampered us and wasted our time to take men who had quite naturally and properly grouped themselves according to their qualifications and departments, and were doing good work for that reason, and lumped them all into a single organisation, in which the pace would be set by the stragglers and novices and Simple Simons, instead of by the pioneers. But, as a matter of fact, we hardly agreed about anything except that we wanted to get rid of Capitalism. The Fabian Society always withdrew first, because it found that the pressing work of its executive committee was brought to a standstill by the time taken in discussing fruitless and irritating reports (mostly about quarrels) from its delegates to the joint committees, and in giving them instructions on endless squabbles about matters which had nothing whatever to do with Socialism, and on which there was not the faintest prospect of arriving at any agreement. On one occasion, when a joint committee meeting took place at the Fabian office. the other bodies combined to pass a motion that the Fabian Society should be expelled from the combination, and the Fabian delegates were accordingly turned out of their

own room amid shrieks of laughter, in which they heartily joined. Perfect unity being thus provided for, the remaining fraternalists proceeded to quarrel until all the bodies, save one—which was naturally the one which had nothing else to do but denounce the others—was left alone on the field. The last word was always my "I told you so."

Continental experience proves that the inevitable nucleus for unity in every country is the Parliamentary labour party. In Germany that party calls itself Social Democratic, but is really mildly Lloyd Georgite. In France we have the Unified Socialists, who are united, like Christendom, in a general avoidance of their nominal faith as an awkward subject. In England unity must mean unity with the Labour Party. Well, by all means. The Fabian Society is affiliated; the Independent Labour Party is affiliated. The British Socialist Party will, perhaps, affiliate when it has finished its present business of driving Mr. Hyndman out of its ranks because his opinions of militarism seem to them dangerously in advance of those professed by the Quakers of the 17th century. Then Mr. Hyndman will have no refuge left but the Fabian Society, and we shall all be unified then.

I hope I have made it clear that the Fabian Society is quite ready to be affiliated to any body who will adopt it; and that such affiliation will make not the smallest difference to its pursuit, filial or unfilial, of Socialism.

Yours affiliatedly,
GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

* * *

THE "DAILY HERALD," ETC.

Sir,—I feel it my duty as a constant reader and purchaser of THE NEW AGE to get my knife into two of your correspondents whose "replies" in last week's issue make sorry reading indeed.

Mr. Woolverton's attempt fairly to answer Miss Douglas is surely the last word in feebleness. He merely further enlarges, with much groaning and whining, upon the difficulties consequent upon the attempt to organise effectively the middle-class, and then admits that what little pluck he appears to have possessed at one time he had Miss Douglas to thank for. Whatever grounds there may be for cursing the apathy of the middle-class (the *only* class, by the way, that has made any effort whatsoever to resist the vile Insurance Act), it is surely damnably unsportsmanlike to blame Miss Douglas, whose efforts have been invaluable—no one else, I notice, having stepped forward to lead us to victory, etc., etc.

And now for "Presscutter's" reply to Mr. Limouzin. This is little short of ridiculous, which is all the more surprising in one who appears to possess a very keen intelligence. Like Mr. Limouzin, I am actively supporting the "Herald" League, and am struck by the extraordinary enthusiasm evinced by the working class for their paper.

Because the vast majority can (ill) afford only 6d. a week, as expounded by Mr. Limouzin, is there any reason for sneeringly suggesting they wouldn't pay 1s. 6d.? It is true to say that no paper in England has ever received such devoted support as the "Herald" enjoys, and "Presscutter" might more fruitfully employ his talents than by slinging mud at such worthy effort.

NOEL HASLEWOOD.

* * *

THE "DAILY HERALD."

Sir,—"Presscutter" asks if I think the "Herald" readers would pay 3d. a day for their paper. Certainly not; because they *could* not. The "Herald's" raison d'être is to help the Have-nots; therefore, its readers consist of the Have-nots and of those Haves (generally Have-littles) who wish to help the "Herald" in its work.

The Have-nots obviously could not afford 3d. for their daily paper—any more than they could buy Bond Street clothes, or rent a house at £200 a year. Twenty to thirty shillings a week (eked out with the few shillings the wife can snatch at charing, with a young family and possible periods of unemployment) does not allow much riotous living in the realm of literature; under such conditions a halfpenny paper is a luxury, and anything further can be had only after a trudge to the nearest free library.

Clearly the Have-not already gives far more comparatively for his paper than the leisured gentleman who buys the "Times" and any review he may fancy.

The Have-little, being situated in a somewhat better position, gives 1d. for his paper—again a large sum proportionately to his income. But, as I pointed out last week, he gives more. For in addition to the "collection after prayers," there is the "Mission," for which time and services are freely offered. And naturally, the principal object of the "Mission" is the widening of the circulation of the paper, in order to obviate, in time, the necessity for the help of the League.

I hope I have satisfied "Presscutter" that the spirit of the "Herald" readers is not that of the literature-dead-head, and that when a periodical is not bought, or is bought for a low sum, the reason is, in all likelihood, the very poverty to abolish which the periodical is alive.

E. LIMOUZIN.

["Presscutter" replies: People who are so poor that they cannot pay for their own organ, and so resourceless that they cannot join in groups to pay, are, as I said at the outset, not much use to the Revolution. I do not observe that music-halls, cinemas, and football matches need to be subsidised. The plea of poverty is shameful when it is not simply an excuse—as it usually is where education is in question.]

* * *

WHY RIDICULE FRENCH JURIES?

Sir,—I have written you some letters on the absurd leniency with which judges and juries and magistrates treat women as compared with men. Since then two cases have occurred which really constitute the limit. I do not refer to Suffragette cases, where it seems the rule either to acquit the prisoner on some quibble or let her off with some ludicrously light sentence, or even bind her over if she has a family of children. The cases to which I refer are (a) the case of a negress charged with wilfully murdering a white woman. Her defence was that she shot the deceased by pure accident. The judge summed-up dead against her, pointing out numerous discrepancies in her story. Yet she was found guilty only of manslaughter, and sentenced to five years' penal servitude. In the case (b), a woman accused of throwing acid over another woman pleaded that the prosecutrix really threw it over herself, and, despite the scepticism of the judge, the jury brought in a verdict of "Not guilty."

ARCH GIBBS.

* * *

THE PROPOSED VIVISECTION OF CRIMINALS.

Sir,—The French have a saying that "It is the unexpected that happens"; but the proposal of Dr. G. G. Rambaud, Director of the Pasteur Institute of Boston, to use criminals for vivisection experiments, as announced in the "Standard" of January 24th, is least surprising to anti-vivisectionists, who have always predicted human vivisection as the inevitable climax of the toleration of animal vivisection.

Once we repudiate the claims of altruistic sentiment who can say where our abrogation will end? "Within a boundless universe, is boundless better, boundless worse."

Dr. Rambaud says with exultation: "Everybody has read about the prison squad—how easy it was to find a group of healthy young men ready to submit themselves to the action of certain poisons under the supervision of a scientist. There was no material inducement; not even fame was promised them."

But the criminal class represent the morally unhealthy, and therefore cannot be the physically healthy section of society. The fact that they held their lives so cheaply as to need no material inducement—they could not understand an abstract, i.e., super-material one—to risk them, is indubitable evidence of their lack of moral consciousness.

And what can be said for the moral status of those scientists who would take advantage of their lack of moral apprehension to use them as chattels for the purposes of mere vulgar intellectual curiosity?

Utilitarianism and sentiment are always in antagonism; but Dr. Rambaud is a utilitarian of utilitarians, and identifies sentiment with ignorance. "My proposition," he says, "may sound dreadful to some sentimental and ignorant souls."

Yet, after all, sentiment is so identical with life, and the higher forms and relations of sentiment with the higher forms and relations of life, that to exchange it for such doubtful panaceas as the sera and vaccines of modern medical science is like exchanging splendid health for knowledge of materia medica.

The people who are the light and life of the human race, are not vivisecting scientists, but those whom nature has endowed with a prodigal wealth of all kinds of sentiment—filial, social, æsthetic, moral—solidarity, altruism, spirituality.

"Suppose," says Ruskin, "you were told you could gain Scythian honours on (the following) terms. "You shall die slowly; your blood shall daily grow colder: your flesh petrify; you heart beat at last only as a rusted

group of iron valves." "He only," he continues, "is advancing in life, whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace."

"In past centuries," says Dr. Rambaud, "prisoners were used in the experimental laboratory, and many a time surgeons of the French and German Courts were authorised to try difficult operations on people sentenced to death."

Yes, and what did they learn or gain by them?

Are we to revert to the barbarisms of the Dark Ages for nothing better than the dubious arrogations and evanescent nostrums of vivisecting scientists?

MAURICE L. JOHNSON.

* * *

PRESENT-DAY CRITICISM.

Sir,—The writer of "Present-Day Criticism," in his last article, quotes "Q" thus:—

"At sight of him Mary cannot choose but own that-despite-all-he-has-been, is, *and* must always be, the one man on earth for her." And adds: "A sense for style, evidently, was not Professor Quiller-Couch's claim to edit anthologies."

Earlier in the same article the writer of "Present-Day Criticism" says: "Things like the attack on Professor Murray, spontaneous combinations in disrespect, but our affairs are not with Professor Murray, but with another Professor of whom it is said that he has endowed Cambridge with a new but all-embracing Alma Mater—the 'Daily Mail'!"

A very old tag may sometimes be of use even to a modern—Physician, heal thyself. R. NORTH.

P.S.—I wrote the foregoing without my book. Having among my acquaintances a reader of the halfpenny Press, I have since had the advantage of referring to the sentence to which your contributor objects. I discovered that it stands as follows: "At sight of him Mary cannot choose but own that, despite all, he has been, is, and must always be the one man on earth for her." The fact is, perhaps, worth mentioning.—R. N.

[Our contributor replies: While I am resigned that the omission of an aposiopesis should make me unintelligible, I am more or less worried by the rest of Mr. North's communication. He leaves me not a leg to stand on. I can only own up that I, with malice prepense, labelled Professor Quiller-Couch's quadrupeds, and confess that he did his level best to conceal their identity by means of punctuation.

Perhaps the occasion will permit me, without too much heaviness, to wish that my collection of Professor Quiller-Couch's clichés had not been so printed as to endow that gentleman with some originality. For the rest—Latin tags may themselves resent or disregard misquotation, and the yield or the field glorious may both or either be allotted to the honourable few: and I am not sure whether that joyous picture of University mandarins united in a soft masonic *hum* for the confusion of pandarins ought not to be let pass.]

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"THE NEW AGE" AND THE DRAMA.

Sir,—By common consent, apparently, the Press quotes only a single epigram from Mr. Stanley Houghton's new play: "Trust the People." It is as follows: "What Lancashire thinks to-day England thought the day before yesterday." You will, I imagine, recognise it as having first appeared in your "Notes of the Week" about a year ago. S. T.

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THE LOST TEN TRIBES.

Sir,—I hope Mr. J. M. Kennedy will not accuse me of being an ultra mathematical person if I say that the lost Ten Tribes were never lost at all; or, in the alternative, if they were, they can be easily found again, and without the help of the Talmud. Besides, I am sure that whatever the Talmud may say, it does *not*, nor does the Old Testament, identify them with those who "wept by the waters of Babylon." (Psalm cxxxvii.)

The facts are as follow: The region of Northern Palestine was invaded early in the eighth century B.C. by Ashur-dan, the Assyrian King. Damascus and other important cities fell into his hands. Later, in accordance with the very warrantable fears of the contemporary prophets, the extreme northern border of Israel was attacked, and some of the tribes of Zebulon and Naphthali were taken away. In 721 B.C. the Assyrians attacked Samaria, and on its fall took "Israel away into Assyria, and put them into Halah and Habor on the river Gozan, and in the cities of the Medes." Sennacharib's own account of the exploit, however, tells us that he took 27,000 odd people from Samaria, and though they were doubtless the most important from a political view, yet they were by no means the "lost Ten Tribes." The continual lament of the prophets at the captivity of "Israel" and "Jacob" must not lead us to believe that the people as a whole were removed.

Turning to the southern kingdom of Judah, we find a more frequent disturbance of its inhabitants. Sennacharib attacked Jerusalem in 701, but could not take it, satisfying himself by shutting up Hezekiah "like a bird in a cage." He was able, however, to take into captivity a very large population from the provincial districts around Jerusalem. If they ever reached their destination alive they would not go to Babylonia, which was then separated from Assyria. After the fall of Nineveh and the unification of Babylonia and Assyria, Judah was again attacked, this time more successfully by Nebuchadnezzar. The end of the sixth century saw Jerusalem destroyed and its inhabitants scattered. "He carried away all Jerusalem and all the princes and all the mighty men of valour, even ten thousand captives . . . . and all the men of might, even seven thousand, and the craftsmen and the smiths a thousand, and . . . brought captive to Babylon." Nine years later the city was destroyed, and "the residue of the people that were left in the city" were taken away captive. The lamentation of Psalm cxxxvii. refers evidently to Jerusalemites of the first or second captivity—probably in a general manner to both—certainly not to the people of the Northern kingdom.

As to the return from captivity, though of great religious importance, it was not numerically so. A very few returned with the permission of Cyrus, but more under Ezra and Nehemiah a century later. In any case, the bulk of the people remained in and around Babylon, keeping in touch with the rest of Jewry in Palestine and Egypt.

Only the Samaritan captives of 721 B.C. and their predecessors from Northern Israel were, in the strict sense "lost," and the fact that Hebrews have been found in large numbers in Western China suggests that they are found again. They could more easily find their way thither than return to their own desolate land.

Though sharing Mr. Kennedy's appreciation of the imaginative in literature, I do not see the advantage, in the case cited, of regarding the Talmud's myth as a "real solution of the problem." Will Mr. Kennedy explain? WILLIAM L. HARE.

* * *

MR. POEL AND MODERN ACTING.

Sir,—The following cuttings may prove of interest in relation to your present controversy upon actors and "gramophones."

"If neither reason nor experience justifies the assertion that an actor can be trusted to study his part from his author's point of view, and not his own, then Mr. Granville Barker is to be congratulated on his courage in attempting a very necessary reform."—William Poel, in the "Era," 1913.

"In comparison with some of the great actors whose methods I have known, I am convinced that the young actors of to-day are not being trained in the way to produce good Shakespearean or poetic acting of any kind."—William Poel in the "Daily Chronicle," 1913.

A. F. SALAMAN.

* * *

AN OPEN LETTER TO MR. LUDOVICI.

Sir,—May I ask you kindly to insert the following letter, which I have sent to Mr. Ludovici. H. T. S.

Dear Mr. Ludovici,—I have read with much interest your article in THE NEW AGE on the Arts and Crafts Exhibition. The vigour and shrewdness of the general observations with which you commence make it a matter for the greater regret that your application of them in detail should betray such an unmistakable lack of technical knowledge.

With your criticism of my work I shall not concern myself, being necessarily prejudiced in that matter, but I propose to question the justice of some of the very damaging remarks which, from the entrenched position of a critic, you level at certain of my fellow woodworkers and at the craft in general.

Your rather low estimate of the artistic qualities of modern furniture design may or may not be justified, but I read with amazement that you consider the workmanship "slovenly" and "jerry-built." In the course of my training as a cabinet-maker I earned my living at the bench for some years, familiarising myself during that time with every problem that could be expected to arise in connection with my work. Judging the exhibition, there-

fore, from the point of view of one not wholly ignorant, I have been astonished at the extraordinarily high level of technical excellence to which the furniture as a whole attained. This view differs so radically from your own that one or other of us must be woefully wrong. I submit that, having formulated your theory, your zeal in the pursuit of it has led you to exaggerate the deficiencies of certain works and to pass over in silence those whose striking technical excellence would have shown it to be inconsistent. As an example, you criticise the exuberance of Romney Green's writing-table (No. 122), but you say nothing about the workmanship; if you can name any piece of furniture, ancient or modern, which excels this in perfection of finish I shall be glad to go a long way to see it. In another place you mention the beautiful little writing-table designed by Charles Spooner and executed by John Brandt (No. 468), as one of the pieces showing a lack of mastery of the craftsman's difficulties and problems. Had I been asked I should have singled out this piece as an example of the excellence to be obtained by two collaborators working in sympathy, and each having a complete knowledge of the problems besetting the other. So much I should have affirmed on the merits of the work and apart from my personal knowledge that both these gentlemen are skilled workmen of a very high order.

While disagreeing entirely with some of your conclusions, I am not immediately concerned with refuting them: my purpose is simply to show, by two examples taken at random from many, that the arguments with which you seek to support these conclusions are not founded upon truth. If you wish to prove that furniture design among modern craftsmen is in a bad way, owing to their being a set of incompetent and bungling amateurs, you should in common fairness point out wherein lies the faulty construction and the lack of finish in works such as those that I have named—works by men who have spent years of their lives grappling with the very problems of whose existence you would have us believe them to be ignorant.

The function of a critic is to criticise, even to destroy when need be, but *construction* and not merely *destruction* is his ultimate raison d'être, otherwise criticism would have very little value.

To turn to less controversial matters, you ask, "Are these people at the Grosvenor Gallery stronger, more powerful, than the tradesmen outside? . . . . Or are they mere romanticists who believe in beauty 'academically'; who think it is right and proper, who would be ready even to die for it, but who have but weakness to enlist in its cause? . . . . Is their beauty perhaps but a trickling rivulet, coaxed along feverishly with loving and yet hopeless fingers?"

My reply to this is, that in so far as I know them they are neither supermen travailling with irresistible torrents of beauty, not weaklings "coaxing it along feverishly," etc.; that, in fact, they are not morbidly obsessed with any abstract conceptions of beauty at all. I say rather that they are plain men with a belief in the possibility of making and selling beautiful things, even in the present age; that, because of the faith that is in them, they have dared to defy, and to set themselves up in opposition to, the gigantic forces of commercialism represented by the "tradesmen outside"; that, beset like other men with the necessity of earning a living, they have had the hardihood to declare that they will earn it in a way which is (as far as possible) in accordance with their ideals. I say that they are doing this in most cases without a vestige of capital at their backs, and that, with everything against them, they are making unmistakable, if slow, headway, in every sense. It is early days to say definitely whether they have given new birth to the tradition which died with the last of the eighteenth century masters, but if they fail in this they will at least have earned the right to be regarded as sportsmen and good fighters, and not as the emasculate and ineffectual idealists your fancy pictures them.

HAMILTON T. SMITH.

* * *

THE METHODS OF MR. BARKER.

Sir,—There is only one point in "An Actor's" letter to which I should like to call attention, and that is his astonishing notion that a character in a play should be at the mercy of the mood and temperament of the actor! If there is one thing in the art of acting about which I thought there was no possibility of doubt it is that the actor must lose his mood and temperament in the mood and temperament of the character he is playing. I could name many actors who thoroughly realise this, and many who never for a moment lose their own temperaments, whatever part they may be playing. In the first class there is, for instance, Mr. Norman McKinnel, who loses his own character entirely in the dour and tyrannical "Rutherford"; there is Sara Allgood, one of the Irish players, whom I have seen in several different parts, and should not have known her for the same woman. The other class is more numerous, and I do not feel disposed to mention names. One of the Irish players, for example, employs the same whimsical mannerisms no matter what part he plays.

I am rather surprised that Mr. John Francis Hope should have jibbed at my assertion that "a play is a unit or it is not a play," and that he should consider the idea disposed of by the remark that "nothing is gained by the use of arithmetical terms in connection with art, except the knowledge that the person using them is not an artist." The word "unit," as I used it, is not an arithmetical term. It was the only word that precisely expressed my meaning, and I therefore used it. I thought its meaning was obvious, but, as your contributor appears to be unable to grasp the significance of my statement, I will (with your permission) express myself somewhat more fully. A picture over which the eye dodges from point to point and finds no repose, from which one receives a number of conflicting or unconnected impressions, and not one overpowering impression, is badly "composed." It is not a unit: it is (to quote myself) a hotch-potch of unrelated effects. So with a play. If a play does not give you a single overwhelming impression it has failed as a work of art. Unity is the thing to be aimed at, and my contention is merely that to ensure unity you must have a despotic producer. Mr. Hope asserts that the place in which this idea is powerful is prison. I retort that the interpretative artist ought to be a prisoner; that is to say, he ought not to be allowed to go beyond the bounds prescribed by the creative artist.

I am aware that the comparison of one art with another is generally unsatisfactory, but certain necessities are common to all arts—and not the least of these is discipline—the subservience of the medium to the aim. For the purpose I had in mind my analogy of music and play-producing was perfectly valid. To secure a coherent performance of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony it is essential that the conductor should have absolute control over his orchestra. I ask that the same right should be given to the producer of a play—especially when the producer is also the author. I do not see any reason why an actor should claim more scope for individuality than a musician. An artist who is not ready to sink his own personality in the general effect thinks more of himself than of his art.

Mr. Hope refers to Rachmaninoff's "Prelude" in A sharp minor. Now, this little work might be played in a number of different ways; but as the composer marked the first movement "Lento" and the second "agitato," the three introductory notes "ff" with a sudden descent to "ppp" in the next bar; directed that this passage should be played "mf," this "sfff," and that "pesante," it is pretty evident that he wished it to be played *so*. My "agitato" may be more or less fiery than yours, but "agitato" is "agitato" when all is said. I should be the last to wish to deprive an actor of as much liberty as Rachmaninoff allows the pianist in this "Prelude"; but I should be the first to deny him as much licence as Paderewski is said to have allowed himself in his recent performance of a Chopin sonata.

HERMON OULD.

* * *

Sir,—Allow me to quote Mr. Webb's cherished aphorism correctly, "Art is, it never seeks to be, through appreciations." Mr. Webb used these words in order to show that an actor should not be permitted to "alter his business according to the temper of his audience." Imagine an actor suddenly barging into the "back-cloth," or knocking a lamp into the orchestra, because his audience felt like it! Imagine Romeo executing a rag-time shuffle in the tomb of Juliet because his audience felt like it! Mr. Webb has a genuine horror of such possibilities. But allow me to reassure him. Audiences are not collectively insane; and no audience has desired, or ever will desire, Hamlet to knock his father's ghost off the wall; or Romeo to dance rag-time in the vault. The point that seems to have evaded the intelligence of Mr. Webb is this: That the "temper" of the actor, if he is really acting, is stronger in its effect upon the audience than is the "temper" of the audience upon the actor. If the actor is expressing himself spontaneously, and does not himself feel the necessity of knocking a lamp into the orchestra, the audience will not feel the necessity either. The collective mind of an audience is, as I have said before, more receptive than revolutionary. It is possible, of course, that if an actor is a "produced" automaton, the audience will grow hungry for genuine

emotions and become irritable, nay, even corybantic; they may begin to feel that the complete destruction of every lamp upon the stage would be exciting and expedient. But this is extreme, almost as extreme as is Mr. Webb's attitude to the actor's need for space and freedom. Has it not occurred to Mr. Webb that, given a certain amount of space for the expression of individual emotion, the actor might raise the expectant and receptive conscious sense of the audience until both his emotions and those of the audience were existing upon the same inspired plane? Can Mr. Webb conceive a state of affairs in which such a consummation would be impossible? A state of affairs in which the actor could neither break scenery nor entrance the audience? If he can, then he understands the senile state as created by the intellectual "producer." Why should Mr. Webb imagine that as soon as the actor is allowed space he will become insane? Mr. Webb's aphorism is irrelevant. In his letter this week Mr. Webb says "that the actor should be as amenable as paint upon the master's brush. He (the actor) is the paint, and does he presume to see the completed work more clearly than its author?" Now I myself said that an actor cannot possibly foretell what the effect of the play, as a work of art in a complete form, will be upon the audience. "The play," Mr. Webb says, "is not complete until the actor has done his share." This I have consistently maintained. The acting of a play is a mental process. What I intended to convey by stating "that the actor is limited to the present moment in time," was that *while* Hamlet, for example, is *living* the words, "O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!" *while* he is expressing spontaneously the emotions suggested to him by that particular line, he is not conceiving the emotions, gestures, and intonations of voice which will accompany the next line. How can spontaneous emotions exist in advance of an actor's consciousness? If actors were, as Mr. Webb suggests, an inorganic substance like "paint," it would have to be a sort of kaleidoscopic "paint" not knowing what colour it was going to assume next. But actors and actresses are not "paint"; they are men and women, flesh and blood. Let me quote the master: "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason, how infinite in faculty, in form, and moving, how express and admirable, in action. . . ." Shakespeare does not suggest that man is a dab of "paint," not even "grease paint." But I will forgive Mr. Webb everything. He has coined one sentence which stirs my heart. I will quote it again, "*The play is not complete until the actor has done his share.*" This has been my main contention from the commencement. If "the play is not complete until the actor has done his share," is it not obvious that the actor is under the necessity of completing a creation? How can he "complete" a creation without creating something more? What the actor has to create is the *illusion*. He has to make the audience *feel* that *he is* the character. The noblest way in which he can do this (his "share") is by *living* the character. To achieve this he must be allowed space—he must not be the mental slave of an intellectual "producer." Mr. Webb has repeated "that sympathy between actor and audience is not a first essential to dramatic art," but I hope that I have, by now, removed the delusion from his mind. If I have failed, then I advise him to rent a theatre and play "Hamlet."

"An Artist" is under a misapprehension. In this present controversy we are dealing with Shakespeare as a dramatist, not as a decadent.

AN ACTOR.

* * *

Sir,—I have something to say in opposition to the official pronouncement of Mr. Hope, but before I come to this agreeable part of my task I would put myself right with "An Actor." He thinks that in my first letter I twitted impecunious actors with their lack of money. I was not guilty of this lapse of taste; nor can I find the peculiar sentence into which he has read this meaning.

We get a further insight to what 'An Actor's" methods of production would be. In referring to the unemployed actor he calls upon Mr. Cosway to fill up some of these derelicts with beer and good food, and to "let them loose on a scene from Hamlet." He anticipates a god-like performance: a performance filled with the quality of "emotion." But surely, after the beer. And, as he says, "there would be nothing mechanical about their ensemble."

However, "An Actor" has not quite grasped the key to my psychology. "But," he concludes, forecasting my attitude towards this imagined performance, "as Mr. Webb would say, 'If you can't afford to do these magnificent things, don't be an artist.'" Mr. Webb would more probably say, "If you *can* afford to do these magnificent things, *don't* do them."

It would seem that this controversy is creating quite a stir. Mr. John Francis Hope has deserted his accustomed columns, and has come upstairs to discover what it is all about. He would smooth our childish differences.

Mr. Hope says that a man is not an artist who employs mathematical terms in connection with art, and goes on to say that if an analogy to drama must be found the instant one is society. Now comparing art with anything is a futile business, but there is a certain mathematical analogy, for unity is the goal of all art; but to compare a play to society is childish, and as Mr. Hope proceeds to unfold his meaning a light is kindled by which I see the reason why his dramatic criticisms in your paper are what they are. He states that the object of a play is to place "a number of distinct characters amid the same circumstances at the same time." He has sorrowfully to admit that their behaviour is in the main determined by one man—the author; but when to this already sad state of affairs is added the crowning injustice of the direction of appropriate gesture and inflection by one man, Mr. Hope can compare it to nothing but prison. Oh, would we not all be the better for more of this prison discipline at which Mr. Hope stands aghast: rigorous discipline for each of us, with conscience as jailer? If Mr. Hope in his capacity as dramatic critic visits the London theatres in search of this drama of his that has its analogy in society, I marvel that he has not found it. To carry his theory to its logical conclusion (an ungentlemanly proceeding, I own), the ideal play would be one in which each character was written by a different person, and acted by another unit.

And, again, I am in opposition to Mr. Hope, who, although he compares drama and society, denies Mr. Ould's analogy between drama and music. I care not whether conductors give different renderings of the same music, according to their moods, as Mr. Hope says. I am concerned with a single rendering only, and so long as it be a consistent whole I am satisfied, on this particular point—though I believe the conductor who did not allow his moods to colour his work to be the greater man. From what I know of Rachmaninoff through his Prelude I would not expect restraint of him. A play from its nature is a cumbrous thing, and must of necessity be standardised for a certain time.

Mr. Cosway complained that in giving him his definition of acting "An Actor" merely turned a phrase. "Acting for actors" was the definition; and Mr. Hope, in his patient attempt to explain "An Actor's" meaning, is in danger of merely re-turning the phrase. "Acting for actors, not actor-managers," he says, as he replaces it. Does Mr. Hope not realise that in his ideal Liberty Theatre every actor would be an actor-manager: a "star"? His plays would be veritable Milk-and-watery Ways. My opponents are all agreed that the dramatic broth, unlike other kinds, is the better for a number of cooks; and they all help me to prove that the theatre as it is to-day has not an art.

Undoubtedly Mr. Hope and "An Actor" have yearnings in common. "An Actor" sees his Shakespeare acted in god-like fashion by an after-dinner, beer-inspired company: Mr. Hope favours the methods of amateur production. ". . . if they met together," he suggests, "as some amateurs do, to discuss the play generally, and each other's parts particularly, there would be no monopoly of the centre of the stage. . . ." Must I tell Mr. Hope that the way of the artist is an utterly lonely one? It lies along desolate ridges where two cannot walk abreast, much less him and "An Actor's" controversial troupe of beer-inspired amateurs? But to continue my quotation from Mr. Hope's letter, ". . . as decorum is preserved in a drawing-room without a master of ceremonies, so a company of actors let loose upon a play. . . ."

Let loose!

But how in sympathy are his methods with those of "An Actor" who used this very term in connection with his ideal production. "Let loose upon a play will find a working compromise. . . ." So Mr. Hope is for a working compromise, is he? "There is no need," he adds, "to jump from the licence of musical-comedy to prison discipline." No, I suppose not. Just a pleasing compromise between the two.

"Drive into an actor," concludes Mr. Hope, "that the play not the part is the thing, and something like art will be the result."

This is possible, but I would have Mr. Hope realise that it is art, not something like it, that I would have.

In answer to Mr. Butt's string of questions I must return him the compliment of quoting him.

Butt: The writer says, "While the actor looks upon himself as an artist he will never be a good actor." Indeed.

Webb: Indeed.

Butt: He talks about the conception of a competent actor; will Mr. Webb kindly tell me his own conception of one?

Webb: If Mr. Butt will better study my letter, which seems to have upset him, he will find a sentence containing the words "a perfect workman."

Butt: Further on in the article he says, "No, we must throw him over and accomplish the good work behind his back." Really!

Webb: Really.

Butt: Has Mr. Webb discussed the entire business of the actor with the gentlemen who are its leading members, and are they in accord with his opinions that he should talk about *we*?

Webb: I will be patient. Mr. Butt must have a misconception as to the subject under discussion. It is the art of the theatre; not the licensing of cinemas or any other legality.

NORMAN FITZROY WEBB.

* * *

THE ALL-ROUND FAILURE OF THE GERM THEORY.

Sir,—Readers of the extraordinary effusion which appears in your current issue over the signature "A. K." doubtless said to themselves with Fluellen: "These be brave words indeed"; but could hardly help regretting that the gallant writer should not have possessed the courage of his opinions sufficiently to append his name to his lengthy communication. I feel sure that while wondering at this unlucky silence, and admiring his choice and free use of such scientific Billingsgate as "tear-begrimed spectacles," "pity-the-animal-coloured spectacles," "unscientific crank-like manner," and so forth—which are not quite ordinary expressions in civilised controversy, but which most aptly reveal the gentleman's (or lady's?) exasperation—they could not fail to recall the learned society on the Stanislaw, whose proceedings Bret Harte has so graphically depicted.

Eventually, however, the letter reveals that this apologist for—not so much the theory of germs, but the practice of animal-experimentation on which that is based, and to which it leads—is merely advertising a very notorious society, which sails under a highly misleading title, and is no less celebrated for the glaring mendacity of its literature than for its entire disregard of repeated refutation and exposure. After that disclosure it is no longer permissible to wonder at the strange inaccuracy of quotation, the melancholy ignorance of established facts, the curious incapacity to appreciate scientific evidence, displayed in such full measure by your prudently anonymous correspondent.

For his inaccuracy—when I came upon the phrase: "In some cases Dr. Snow refers to Dr. Wilson's book on anti-vivisection, where proofs of the 'failure' are categorically given"—I was forced to pause and rub the spectacles aforesaid before I could believe my eyes. Is there such a book? I think not. But anyone who has been good enough to glance even cursorily at my article must know that reference was to the recent "Report of the Royal Commission on Vivisection"; and specially to the "Reservation Memorandum" thereto by Dr. George Wilson. That discusses in detail the numerous failures of the germ theory; and this, moreover, after a fashion, valuable and significant in the highest degree. Dr. Wilson was probably the one thoroughly unbiased member of the Royal Commission, and was unquestionably one of the most competent. He is not connected with the anti-vivisection movement in any shape. He is simply a fair-minded and impartial doctor, of sound common-sense, and penetrating intellect—all faculties extremely rare, I fear, in the medical circles frequented by "A. K."

Now for the strictures on my article: I said that, of "Koch's Five Postulates," no single microbe yet put forward as the cause of a disease had ever been found to comply with more than one. "A. K." states that the germs of tubercle, plague, anthrax, comply with at least three. That is rather a serious admission. These five are postulates, be it remembered; and before science, truly so-called, can approve of any germ as a *vera causa, all* must be complied with. But, anyhow, one would fain ask, "Which are the three?"

"The tubercle bacillus has been confirmed by exhaustive research (not promptly) yielding overwhelming proofs of its existence and properties" (*sic*). Whatever does this mean? Nobody doubts the existence of a microbe termed the tubercle-bacillus. I myself have seen it scores of times. But whether it is the *cause of tuberculosis* is quite another question. Such a view is disproved by evidence that is overwhelming—some given by my article. It would be interesting to learn whether this "exhaustive research" was made on the guinea-pig; which, as Dr. D. Wilson Fox, whose researches I quoted, conclusively proved, can be rendered tubercular by almost anything.

"Every fresh step in Science is invariably disposed of, either simply by a refusal to believe the veracity of the discoverer, or on rarer occasions, by a denial that the discovery is the result of experiment on animals." Alas! this is perfectly true; I grant its veracity at once. Only, that veracity, and the corresponding force of the proposition would be immeasurably enhanced were "A. K." able to indicate with reasons appealing to any fairly intelligent individual a solitary "step in science" which has been brought about by experiment on animals. I have made diligent search for one and cannot find it. On the other hand, examples of false and misleading inference from this source are numerous. It was admitted by the late Prof. Koch—and who should know better; see his "Cure of Consumption"; it has been more recently confessed by Professor Starling, and sundry other experts in this practice, before the recent Royal Commission; that *no scientific inference, from phenomena in the lower animals to the human subject is ever possible*. After this, what becomes of the supposed "steps in science"?—which invariably turn out to be failures or frauds, often extremely disastrous in their practical results to mankind, however lucrative to those who exploit them.

"Vaccine lymph and other ultra-microscopic organisms cannot so far be detected by the eye" (*sic*). This is the first time I have heard of anybody claiming vaccine lymph as an organism, microscopic or otherwise! But Science is making rapid strides in these days; in the hands of such able professors and exponents as we may assume "A. K." to be.

"I challenge Dr. Snow to inoculate himself with a bacteriological culture (a virulent one), such as he states to be harmless." O, saints and angels! O, the noble Research Defence Society aforesaid. Surely even that will exclaim, "Save me from such supporters as this." Where did I say anything of the kind, or of meaning in the least approaching this?

What I pointed out was that bacteria *per se* do not appear to cause or to convey disease. At least, there is no scientific proof that they do either. But in a "bacteriological culture" there is a great deal beside the germs to be considered, as "A. K." very well knows. If he is in the habit of handling a microscope, he must be fully aware that it is impossible to isolate bacteria, and that a literal "pure culture" is out of the question. *These organisms are so infinitely minute that no one can ever isolate them from their environment*—from the "virus" of the particular malady with which they were originally associated.

After all, "A. K." may perhaps be confusing me with someone else; or is it merely that he has mixed up his papers? What other explanation is there for the two phrases first cited at the beginning of this letter? I can see none. My article never alluded to the *cruelties* of animal-experimentation. It discussed the futility and folly of the practice from a scientific point of view; and even this only incidentally, as bearing upon a factitious theory, exploited for the sake of gain, and generally negatived by known facts.

Perhaps "A. K." may be respectfully invited to ponder over an eloquent saying of the late Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes: "If a man hasn't got plenty of common-sense, the more science he has, the worse for his patient"—or may we here substitute "reader"?

HERBERT SNOW.

* * *

THE POST-PHILISTINE SHODDYISTS.

Sir,—The publication of my manifesto in your Review was hailed with delight. Surely it signifies dawning appreciation of our ennobling mission, a resolve to shuffle into line with the compact shoddity. Evidently you endorse the exemplary enterprise of your erstwhile poet, Mr. Selver, in slouching so nonchalantly into a profitable side-line. The sugary, buttery side of your acumen cannot be impervious to the pecuniary blessings conferred by acclamatory critics in the procureur Press. Probably you suspect that this is not merely an age of shoddy, but also of universal compromise—of Conservatives turned hobbyist-reformers under Liberal labels, of Socialists toasted and buttered into social dabblers, of youth-poets lopped and pruned into complacent middle-aged doggerelists, of idealist-philosopher-editors, perhaps, slurred and smudged into

venal proprietors—perhaps, we say, for we are prepared to welcome you into the Post-Philistine Shoddy-Poetry Combine if you will only tell that present-day critic to go to—the British Museum of Hades, and abandon the Stockman-before-the-Curtain attitude, which recalls so poignantly the enthusiasms of our youth.

Yes, sir; we want your co-operation in this elegant conspiracy, which has for its desideratum the elimination of that opprobrious appellation, "Philistine," from the mental status of otherwise wealthy and worthy individuals. Owing to the rapid spread of the poetic conscience the demand for our salvy unction is now stupendous. Haven't you seen it coming, sir? Theologians for centuries have been busy dispensing tasty emollients for the religious conscience, pill and powder vendors' palliatives for the liver conscience; now comes our turn with the unction in question, a few doses of which are warranted to elevate the most abject materialist to the dreamy-eyed, super-haired, flowing-cravated standard of poetic exuberance; for not impotently have sundry enthusiasts dilated on the chastening influence of poetry, and their gentle reproaches have at last percolated through, and formed, with other ultramodern elements, this piquant concoction, the poetic conscience. Sir, we could gush!

Latent sources of production are suggested in the manifesto, while the staff of producers can be augmented through the medium of the Poetry Writing Postal Society as the demand increases. With regard to the distribution of the goods, our agents and representatives have excellent credentials. The inimitable "A. M.," who takes the Carmellite circuit, has an irresistible knack of titilating these palates inured to popular-novel syrup with suavities such as these: ". . . . It is a novel told in glowing and sonorous verse . . . with the last stanzas there is pictured a death-bed where all three lie; the two men killed by one another's hands, and Mary dead . . . in the end the slow, long-enduring man turns into a fury of destruction; he meets Michael, and they fight to the death . . . burning love, and furious rage, and despair go on to a bloody death for two of the actors, and a broken heart for the third . . . . and all the while the daffodils 'glimmered and danced,' even when the blood of the two lovers was poured out upon them. . ." while the samples he distributes require but little mastication. We are lucky, too, in having the gratuitous help of the respected Sir "Q." on the same circuit: " . . . At the end the tragedy happens not in cold hate, but in a blind gust of fury . . . . it is the breast of the beloved, not of the wronged one, that she dies upon. . . ." And as for seductive samples :—

". . . they, the Occleves, hurried to the door,
And burst it, fearing: there the singer lay
Drooped at her lover's bedside on the floor,
Singing her passionate last life away.

You were the dearest, sweet; I loved you best,
Beloved, my beloved, let me rest
By you for ever, little Michael mine. . . ."

So much for the latest Masefield brand. Then we have "W. W. Gibson" on the Bouverie circuit with the latest Abercrombie variety, although this gentleman requires a little more practice in the "pushing" cult. He vacillates: ". . . though it is rather the business of the dramatist to attempt to realise the eternal significance of things than to present us with a realistic picture of contemporary appearances——" "We do not mean even to imply that the contemporary dramatist should deal exclusively with life in its most immediate aspect. . . . But——" Nevertheless, such titillations more than compensate: "In the first act we find the villagers smitten with a terrible pestilence, and awaiting the arrival of a doctor. . . . Saul, the pilot, bears him, by main force, from the boat to his own cottage, so that his little son Barnaby may have first attention; and stands guarding the door with a hatchet. . . . It is a tragic business, but though relentless and gloomy. . . . The homely image of a man turning over the body of the rat with his foot gives to the apparition a grim familiarity that is infinitely more appalling than the most outrageous horror of the most grisly and outlandish phantasy." There, nah, wotcher think o' *that*?

If you will only give our goods a prominent display in your window we guarantee the speedy wiping out of that annual thousand deficit. We who dream dreams foretaste with relish that auspicious moment when the last uxorious Philistine, having dined and sipped right amply, will sample a dose of our realistic unction, and confess his belated conversion by lisping—from the billowy depths of perfumed cushions—"Good-goo, wum-wum, he-he! I *do* love *poetry*!"

Latest Shoddy Poet.



MR. JAMES DOUGLAS.

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